

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1876.

The Week.

THE only thing that can be said with any approach to confidence about the Presidential canvass is that Bristow's chances, if one may judge by the press, seem to improve. Fresh declarations for him appear every day, and the charges made have thus far only benefited him, as they have all been completely disposed of. As regards Mr. Blaine, who may be said to be his only formidable competitor, the tide happens to be running strongly against politicians and persons skilled in the political art, and Mr. Blaine has been imprudently displaying more of this kind of skill than people like. His recent performances in Congress have shown want of an accurate knowledge of the popular temper, and a disposition to rely on expedients which, however useful they may have been at one time, have now little force, and in fact excite suspicion, for the public is very indifferent about questions, and has its attention almost wholly fixed on character. Mr. Blaine's enemies, too, show a disposition not to be satisfied with his late explanation of the Little Rock and Fort Smith matter, and pretend to find a justification for doubt in the sudden departure of one of the witnesses, Hayes, for Europe. Morton's arrangements at the South for bringing in pledged delegations to aid him in the defence of "human rights" seem to have broken down, and he is now so well known as an unprincipled and brassy schemer that he will probably be no more thought of outside of his own State. Among the Democrats, the only man who seems to be making any headway is Mr. Tilden, and, judging in the same way, he is "developing strength" very remarkably, has apparently crushed the opposition in this State, and grows in the Democratic imagination—at the South certainly, and probably in the West—as the time draws near. Mr. Boutwell is said to have been fondly spoken of by Mr. Dawes as his "first choice," and we should not be surprised if Mr. Boutwell returned the compliment; but the matter is hardly likely to go further. It is in the meantime amusing to notice the spread of hostility to "Favorite Sons." These eminent men are now never spoken of in the papers or on the platform but with sneering opprobrium.

Mr. Blaine has made a formal reply in the House to the charge against him which has been for some time afloat, that (in substance) he had made a bad investment in bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad in Arkansas, and that the Union Pacific Railroad Co., which had favors to expect of Congress, had lent him \$64,000 on the bonds, or had taken up a loan of that amount made him by others on the bonds as collateral, after the bonds had become worthless. He denies flatly ever having received money by loan or otherwise, directly or indirectly, from the Company in question, and fortifies it by denials equally explicit from the officers of the Company, and from the bankers (Morton, Bliss & Co.) through whom the transaction was said to have been carried out. He explains that he did invest in the bonds above-mentioned, and lost heavily by it, and holds the bonds still; acknowledges that the Little Rock and Fort Smith road was indirectly indebted to the Government for a land-grant, but this was made before the war, and only reached the road through the State of Arkansas, which was really the donor; that the Atlantic and Pacific and Missouri, Kansas and Texas roads did take about \$100,000 of the stock of the Little Rock and Fort Smith to help it to complete its connection with them, but that Mr. Blaine only benefited by this, if at all, as a person interested, like the other stock and bond holders, in the success of the road; and that in any event this transaction was a common and legitimate one. In fact, as far as allegation can go, Mr. Blaine has vindicated himself.

The only thing further he could do would be to submit his proofs to an investigating committee; but this does not seem necessary, because there is nothing cloudy in the statement. So far, however, from regarding the accusation and defence as things to be deplored, we think they form part of a very healthy process, which is gradually bringing public men to a sharper perception of the proprieties of political life, with regard to gifts, favors, and pecuniary interest in enterprises directly affected, or likely to be directly affected, by legislation.

The Big Bonanza managers have at length shown their hand. Their game was for higher stakes than a market for \$50,000,000 of silver change; this having been secured, they propose that the double standard shall be restored. Perhaps Mr. Sherman hesitated at covering so much ground at one stride; in the bill which he reported from the Finance Committee, it is proposed that a silver dollar shall be authorized to contain 412.8 grains, and that it shall be a legal tender for sums not exceeding \$20, except for customs and interest on the public debt; and that it shall be exchangeable for United States legal-tender notes, the latter to be cancelled and credited to the Sinking Fund. This bill advances one step beyond the subsidiary coin bill. Mr. Bogy of Missouri moved an amendment, which makes the proposed silver dollar a full legal tender; this he supported in a "powerful" speech. The Senate has passed the Deficiency Appropriations Bill, and the House has, by a vote of 139 to 94, passed the bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The bill goes into effect after July 1. Officers will be detailed from the army to take charge of Indian affairs, and the commanding officers of departments will be *ex-officio* at the head of Indian administration within their departments. All contracts are to be made in the same way as those for the army. All religious sects are to have equal rights in the Indian Reservations.

When Mr. Jones of Nevada first made his appearance in the Senate, it never entered into any one's mind that his owning a rich silver mine made him an authority on currency or any cognate question. He brought himself into notice, however, by a sharp, pointed, and, in many respects, able reply to the inflationist absurdities which Morton, Cameron, Logan, and the like were then producing, and which were then justly alarming and amazing the commercial community. But Mr. Jones owed most of the fame of his effort to the surprise it created, and the relief it caused as coming from a Western Senator. It did not raise him in any way to the rank of a financial authority. He has apparently been deceived by it himself, however, into making a long speech this week advocating a double standard, and abounding in the follies and fallacies which Morton used to pour forth about paper-money. In fact, his plea for silver is substantially the same as Morton's for the "battle-born greenback," and the disuse of it as a legal-tender in England and Germany he ascribes to the same cause to which Morton and Logan ascribed their hostility to paper-money, namely, the dislike of the "money-kings" to the poor man's money. The English "plutocrats" like gold because it is a British product, he says, and is scarce and dear, and their imitators on the Continent follow their example. Silver, on the other hand, like paper, is an American product, and is cheap and plenty, and therefore fine money for the poor man. True, it fluctuates greatly in value, and is now falling rapidly—a circumstance which, to the selfish aristocratic financier, seems to unfit it to be a standard of value; to Mr. Jones, however, this is a strong recommendation, because the more it falls the better for "the debtor class." When it rose, the "creditor class" benefited by it; it is now only fair that the debtor should have a chance—with ever so much more of the

same familiar nonsense, and all in the Centennial year. The fact is that Mr. Jones has silver to sell, and his speech ranks with the ordinary "patter" of the razor-and-knife man in Wall Street.

General Belknap, who has the assistance of some shrewd lawyers, is engaged in making rejoinders to the pleadings of the Impeachment managers. He now declares that Marsh's story to Mr. Clymer's committee would not have supported articles of impeachment, but so affected persons nearly "connected with him by domestic ties" as to "greatly afflict him, and make him desire to secure the suppression of that part of the evidence at any cost"; that, therefore, he proposed to the committee that this evidence should be suppressed, while he should admit the receipt of the post-tradership money, "contrary to truth"; that the committee declined this proposition, but that Mr. Clymer declared to him (Belknap) that he should move for impeachment unless Belknap resigned on the next day, March 2, and that, believing Clymer to mean this as a hint that the scrape might so be avoided and reputation saved, he did resign; and that therefore (as we understand the argument) the House is estopped to deny the arrangement made by its agent, Clymer, by which the resignation was procured, or to take any advantage of it now. We would suggest to General Belknap's lawyers that they should not confine themselves to the law of agency, replete as that is with learning on the subject of impeachment. The law of landlord and tenant would furnish them several valuable defences, as, for instance, that in politics a notice of a Congressional investigation is equivalent to a "notice to quit," and *ipso facto* terminates the tenancy, making the tenant or office-holder a mere tenant at sufferance, and not possessed of any real term or office.

The Committee examining into the expenditures of the Department of Justice have discovered that Davenport, the United States Commissioner, received by the express direction of the President large sums of money (\$35,000 is the amount given by Davenport, but this seems to be within the mark) for "preventing frauds" in the elections in this city between 1870 and 1875. The story told by Davenport, who is one of the tribe of "detectives" produced by the war, and was, he says, on General Butler's staff in charge of "scouts and spies," is that in 1868, apparently to his great surprise and sorrow, he discovered "the most atrocious frauds"; that he then "consulted with members of the Union League Club," and got the election laws of 1870 and 1871 passed, providing stringent penalties against fraudulent voting; that he then went to work and spent \$10,000 in unearthing frauds; that, finding he "was being impoverished" by the good work, he went to the President and asked whether he could not be paid for it out of the Secret Service Fund; that the President thought it might be done, and accordingly issued orders to that effect. We believe there is nothing in the story more than this, and it does not convict the President of anything more than the same kind of disregard for law and liking for arbitrary government that he has frequently shown before. There was nothing in the election laws of 1870-71 to authorize any such payment of money, and the payment of \$35,000 to philanthropists because they are "impoverishing" themselves in the prevention of frauds is not a use to which public moneys can be safely put, without at least very careful supervision of the expenditure, which in this case seems to have been entirely dispensed with. It must be perfectly obvious, however, that the whole thing was a job of Davenport's, who got the President to let him have money to prevent frauds in elections just as Sanborn got the Treasury to give him money for detecting frauds after they had been committed. In all these cases the detective comes to Washington, represents himself as horrified at the frauds which some class or other is committing or going to commit, produces his accounts showing that he is beggaring himself in unearthing them, and immediately receives an appointment to continue the good work and pay himself out of the Treasury. It is not the way to

carry on the work of government, but it is the way the work of government just now is carried on.

The scandals connected with the Emma Mine have naturally led mining engineers and geologists into a discussion of the duties devolving upon them with regard to reports to "vendors," purchasers, and other interested parties. The *Mining Journal* has very well summed up the tables of the moral law on this head in an article which it might be of some benefit to Professor Silliman to read. The *Mining Journal* thinks that it is the right and may be the duty of the expert to "protest against partial publications, leading to false impressions of his views"; declares that he should avoid "vague generalities which can be misunderstood or misused"; and adds that any one who talks about the "immense" or "inexhaustible" resources of a mine "is simply signing a blank certificate which others may fill out with as many millions as they choose to name." With regard to the price of mines, it points out what seems as yet to have escaped the notice of the Emma investigating committee, that the risks involved in mining are so great that the annual dividend required to support the stock must be proportionately high. "In a region where 2 per cent. a month is paid on secured call loans, a mine ought to promise 100 per cent. Even in California, where the rate of interest is not half so high, 40 or 50 per cent. is the annual dividend required to support the price of a mining stock on exchange. The usual rate of dividend from metal mining (except in those rare cases in which the certain results for years are positively calculable) should be from three to five times the rate of ordinary interest. Evidently, foreign and domestic capital should be invested on the same terms. But this is not the usual practice. Mines are sold in New York or London because investors in those places are attracted by the prospect of returns which are not in San Francisco considered sufficient to cover the risks." This has an important bearing on the Emma Mine enquiry. The dividends talked of by Park—18 per cent.—were really absurdly low, and would have been no attraction whatever to persons familiar with mining property. That is to say, if the mine had paid 18 per cent. on \$5,000,000, its proper price would have been not \$5,000,000, but at the outside \$2,500,000.

There has been a small revolution in Chicago, resulting in the ejection from office of a good many of the office-holders, and the substitution of others who represent the wishes of the taxpayers as distinguished from the "bummers." The popular excitement seems to have threatened at one time a resort to violent measures; overflowing meetings were held, and the probable effect upon the "bummer" faction of hanging to the nearest lamp-post some of its leaders was at least discussed with interest. The rising was in some respects like that against Tweed and the Ring in this city, and will result for the time in an improvement of the condition of the affairs of the city. The whole trouble, there as here, as we have so often observed, is that the good citizens do not perform their political duties by going to the primaries and seeing that none but good men are nominated for office. We trust they will now begin at once, and not suffer the bad men to have it their own way any longer.

The sixty days allowed by the Advisory Council for the production of charges against Mr. Beecher having expired, the Examining Committee of the church is availing itself of the privilege allowed it under these circumstances of calling on the Committee of Three to empanel the Commission of Five to make further enquiry into the case; and the Three are now understood to be at work convening the court. The *Christian Union* requests us to say that Mr. Beecher's friends also desire the kind of trial described by us a fortnight ago as desired by the Andover party, and that they have issued "a general invitation to any one who thought he knew anything against Mr. Beecher to act as prosecuting attorney before the Commission," and, meeting with no response, have offered the place in succession to Professor Smyth and Drs. Storrs and Budington; but it does not say with what result. It adds

that the Andover plan "proposes a trial without any prosecutor, or even any charges to prosecute or reply to, and for their trial it proposes a struck jury, selected one-half by Mr. Beecher's friends and one by his scarcely-concealed enemies, the inevitable result of which must be a divided verdict and a broken court." Of the Commission of Five, on the other hand, it says that it is "a tribunal composed of men against whose judicial fairness no one has yet ventured to say a word, and whose opinions, if they have any, have not been made public." To all of which the obvious reply is, that the Commission of Five, whatever its character, is and will be the creation of Mr. Beecher's friends or of persons who believe in him, and that neither his enemies or accusers nor any impartial body will have either art or part in its formation. It would be, therefore, even if dealing with an ordinary and obscure matter, an unfit tribunal, and one before which Mr. Beecher's accusers cannot fairly be expected to appear either as attorneys or witnesses. It ought surely to have occurred to the *Christian Union* that one very probable reason for the absence of any impeachment of the fairness and competency of the Five is that up to this moment nobody knows who they are to be.

Since the above was written, however, Mr. Moulton has made a proposal for the trial of the case which, as it seems to us, it is impossible for Mr. Beecher, either in the character of an honorable man or of a religious man, to decline, if he cares for any opinion but that of his own church. The proposal is that (1) the parties shall go to trial before the court of law in the case now pending on the single issue that Mr. Beecher committed perjury in procuring Moulton's indictment for libel, all technical objections to be waived, and all witnesses admitted, and the jury to be chosen either by ex-President Woolsey or Mr. George C. Robinson, one of Mr. Beecher's deacons; or (2) before three referees, one to be named by each party, and a third by these two; or (3) before twelve men—six selected by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman and Mr. Edward Beecher, and six by two persons named by Mr. Moulton, *the majority to give the verdict*. This offer cannot, we repeat, be refused with impunity. Moulton is not a looker-on, but Mr. Beecher's trusted friend during the four most trying years of his life, and Mrs. Moulton, whom Mr. Beecher has openly accused of perjury, was also his friend during the same period, and is now a member of a Christian church, in good standing.

Sealed proposals for the \$5,833,000 United States 5 per cent. bonds, constituting that part of the *Alabama* Indemnity Fund which it was found necessary to sell to liquidate adjusted claims, were opened at the Treasury at Washington on Monday. Proposals were filed by twenty firms, banks, and companies; the entire amount of these proposals was \$68,230,000. Ten proposals were for the entire lot, and these alone made an aggregate of \$53,883,000; the largest proposal of the remaining \$9,447,000 was for \$2,500,000; the next largest was for \$1,500,000; there were two for \$1,000,000 each; and the remainder were for \$500,000 each, that having been the smallest amount for which a proposal could be filed. The highest bid was 103.78 $\frac{1}{8}$; it was made by Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. for a syndicate composed of themselves, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons and J. S. Morgan of London, and Messrs. August Belmont & Co. The bonds were sold for gold, and the price obtained was nearly the market price at the time the proposals were opened. As the *Alabama* claimants are to be paid in currency, the gold received for the bonds is to be sold by the Treasury on the 27th instant. The actual price which the Government receives for the bonds will not be known until the gold is sold.

The Bank of England, which has now nearly 48 per cent. reserve, on Thursday last reduced its minimum discount rate to 2 per cent., and the other discount houses of London are taking prime three-months' bills at as low a rate as 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. At the New York Stock Exchange, the tendency of prices has been downwards, and such substantial properties as the coal railroads have

suffered most during the week. The value in gold during the week of \$100 greenbacks has ranged between \$88.39 and \$88.83. The Treasury began paying out silver for fractional currency on Wednesday, and at the Sub-Treasury here less than \$100,000 has come out, and for the whole country less than \$100,000. This has been from no unwillingness to take it, as probably \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 would be readily taken for pocket-pieces, but because the Treasury has not taken the proper means to supply the demand.

Malietoa, King of the Samoan Islands, has dismissed Steinberger, the *bouffe* emissary sent out by the State Department to improve the ways of the South Sea Islanders, from his position of Premier, on the ground that he is "a liar and an impostor"—ground quite sufficient, we suppose, for the dismissal of any premier. The commander of a British man-of-war took possession of him at the king's request, and placed him under arrest. Steinberger's career appears to have been that of what is popularly known as a "fraud." There was no reason for sending him to the Samoan Islands, and he therefore got himself sent; knowing nothing of diplomacy, he was commissioned as a sort of diplomatic agent by the Administration; and, knowing nothing of either the Southern Seas or of their inhabitants, or of government, civilized or uncivilized, he induced the poor Samoan savages to believe him sent there by a powerful and distant potentate, a Great Father or Brother of the Sun and Moon, or something of the sort, to wake them his children and introduce prosperity and progress among them. He accordingly set up a kind of *bouffe* monarchy, with a South Sea House of Lords and Commons, a judiciary, a body of constitutional law, in which, of course, the king was to play the part of lay-figure, while he, Steinberger, administered affairs. The whole affair was a pure farce, and the wonder is how Steinberger got anybody to play it with him.

Mr. Cave's report on the condition of Egyptian finances has been published, with the Khedive's permission, and, though it shows that it is not as bad as it was feared, it furnishes another illustration of the misfortune it has been to semi-barbarous countries to be admitted to the money markets of the world on the same footing as civilized borrowers. The importance of Egyptian, any more than of Turkish, finance to the world outside is not, however, due by any means so much to the amounts involved, or to the prospects of the debtor states, as to the probable effect of their embarrassments on the immediate future of European politics. Mr. Cave gives a deplorable account of the wastefulness and folly of Egyptian administration and of the condition of the Egyptian civil service, which in many important particulars resembles our own, as indeed does the civil service of all barbarous countries. The present revenue is about \$55,000,000, and the expenditure, which cannot be cut down, somewhat less; but there is a floating debt, even after the receipt of the \$20,000,000 for the Suez Canal shares, of \$91,215,000, and it is this which is now driving the Khedive frantic and filling France and England with vague alarm. There has been an idea in London that the Khedive's private estate, which was supposed to be enormous, would somehow be brought to the relief of the public credit if the worst came to the worst, but it now appears that the total revenue from this source is only a little over \$2,000,000, and that this, too, is heavily burdened, both with funded loans and a large floating debt of unknown amounts. This statement Mr. Cave made up from figures furnished him by the Egyptian officials, as they would not allow him to see the books or even enter the Treasury building, so we probably do not know the worst. The floating debt is mostly held in France, with the results described by our correspondent on another page. Mr. Cave shows, however, that if the administration were reformed, the unproductive or only remotely productive expenditure stopped, and the whole debt funded in a consolidated bond, Egypt would be able to meet all her liabilities; but this could only be done under European superintendence, which would almost amount to the government of the country; and the question now is whether England will do it alone, let France and Italy do it, or do it in combination with them.

THE POLITICAL USE OF SCANDAL.

WE are not about to attempt any general defence of the methods of the daily papers in the matter of collecting and publishing gossip injurious to the peace or character of private persons, when we say that there has been of late a great deal of ill-considered talk about the recklessness of the press in recent rakings-up and diffusion of charges against public men. Sometimes this comes from orators who are troubled, and not unnaturally, by the effect which the course of the newspapers has in diminishing popular respect for public officers; sometimes from editors who are friendly to the Administration or to the Senatorial Group, and are exasperated by the discredit which the production of "charges" throws on the Republican party; and in both cases we are treated to homilies on the immorality of evil-speaking and tale-bearing. General Hawley delivered one such discourse, unfortunately for him, only two or three days before the Belknap explosion, and others appear every now and then in the columns of papers which still expect "reform within the party," and count upon the continued usefulness of the party. If, however, we look back over the assaults of the press upon prominent public men during the last ten years, we venture to say it would be impossible to discover much, if any, foundation for this view of the matter. We have examined most of what has been said or written on this subject for specific instances of the persecution of men in positions at all prominent without justification or probable cause, and we have not lighted upon one. It is true that charges were made affecting the personal integrity of General Grant in a very reckless way prior to his reelection in 1872, but they were not very long persisted in, and in most cases were promptly refuted. This illustration apparently makes against our position, but only apparently; for it must be admitted that the history of his Administration now clearly shows that the tendencies and associations which have resulted in the recent exposures were then actively at work, and, if the character of the President still remains unimpeached, it is due to the resolute and charitable refusal of the public to apply to him the old-fashioned rule that a man must be judged by the company he keeps. In other words, although the attacks of the papers were wild or altogether false, there existed a state of things which made them in some degree excusable, or at all events prevented their being utterly wanton.

If we now turn to the other men who have been made the object of charges, and who were persistently followed up after they had had reasonable opportunity for defence, we venture to say it would be impossible to point out a single case of gross and prolonged injustice. Who is the man in public life at any time during the past ten years, on whom the press has fastened as corrupt or slippery, who to-day stands before the world as completely vindicated? In some instances, the papers have got hold of the wrong charge, but rarely, if ever, of the wrong man—that is to say, if the persons attacked had not done what they were attacked for doing, it generally turned out that they had done something else of the same character. The newspapers, in other words, have been almost always correct in their charges; their errors have been in their specifications. Of course, this shows that "trial by newspaper" is by no means an admirable thing, by no means a process by which a public man ought to stand or fall. It does not deal out exact justice; it occasionally deals out gross injustice; but it does, on the whole and in the long run, put the public on the track of the wrongdoer. It calls attention to the fact that he has fled, indicates the direction he has probably taken, and follows his trail until the proper authorities are able to secure him.

In these days of strong party spirit this service, rough and clumsily performed though it may be, is one of very great value. The legislature is theoretically the grand inquest of the nation, but occasions may arise, as the history of the last fifteen years has shown, when the majority of the party in power may be so great and the party self-confidence so deep-seated as to cause total abandonment of the inquisitorial function. Since the outbreak of the war, as everybody knows, the Republican party has refused to en-

quire into abuses, partly through overweening confidence in its own strength, and partly through the conviction that the dangers against which it was guarding the Government were so tremendous as to make administrative corruption of comparatively little moment. Under these circumstances, and during this long period, the press has furnished almost the only check upon fraud and venality in every department. It has made or brought about nearly all the disclosures of official misconduct in municipal, State, and Federal politics with little or no help from the machinery of government, and in the teeth of the powerful efforts of the rings and professional politicians of every grade to throw discredit on it. It was easy to throw discredit upon it, we do not deny, but it has been instrumental in bringing a large number of criminals to justice; and that it has done but little injustice to innocent men we most positively assert. Its general estimate of character has rarely been mistaken.

It must also be said that the charges so frequently made against public men are the offspring and the result of widespread and deep-seated suspiciousness; and this suspiciousness has not been created by the press, and is not wanton. It has grown out of the salient facts of our political and financial history since 1860. From the outbreak of the war until 1873 there was an upward movement in all branches of business and in all industrial enterprises. Nearly every undertaking was in a certain sense prosperous; everybody who had the art of making money was making it, and the great masters of finance were doubling their fortunes in a year. The national and State legislatures and municipal corporations were feeding the flame of this activity by grants and donations and loans which brought the political and the speculative classes into close and intimate relations. Nearly every prominent politician had a speculation of some kind under his wing. The great operators had each a small army of friends or relatives or dependents whom they were helping to make a little money in stocks or bonds. The consequence was that large numbers of people became corruptionists often without knowing it. Politicians accepted favors from financiers often without perceiving the effect it was going to have on their independence, and great railroad promoters came to look on the corruption of legislatures as a legitimate portion of their construction expenses.

The panic of 1873 suddenly sobered people, and turned their eyes to the position they were in and the road they were travelling. The "shrinkage of values," as it is called, and the disappointment of hopes consequent on the panic, brought to light a great number of transactions which would not bear the light, and which, but for the panic, would never have seen the light, and exhibited a good many leading men in relations in which certainly no one ever expected to find them. It is not surprising that under these circumstances the temper of the public should be fierce, fretful, and doubting, and if it should call upon even the most respectable men in political life to give an account of themselves. We view with a sort of melancholy satisfaction the process of liquidation, as it is called, which is going on in the commercial world. We console ourselves, looking at the long lists of frauds and failures which are presented to us every month, by the reflection that, to borrow the phrase in common use, the "rotten concerns are being rapidly weeded out," that "we are getting rid of the dead wood," that "we shall soon touch bottom," and that the process of healthy recovery will then set in. Now, the public sees no reason why there should not be "liquidation" in politics as well as in business, why embarrassed statesmen should not submit their books and file their inventory and retire as well as embarrassed traders, or, at all events, why a politician any more than a merchant should object to having those who trust or employ him look into his affairs; and the public is not far wrong. This is not a time for great touchiness, and is certainly not a time when any man can safely take his stand on his dignity. We have a general mixture of classes and conditions. All trades and callings run into all others. There has been a complete breakdown of the conventional barriers which formerly restricted men in their modes of making money. It is with the utmost difficulty that the press has succeeded, after years

of hard fighting, in getting the Government to stamp with reprobation the promotion of a joint-stock company by a national Minister in the country to which he was accredited. We have seen a doctor of divinity, whose whole life has been passed in pastoral duties, accept unblushingly a commission from the Treasury, which he must, if fit to be a pastor, have known was a job, at a high salary, for performance of duties for which he knew he was totally unfitted. We have seen religious newspapers, for a commission, helping speculators to sell worthless bonds to some of the poorest people in the community. In fact, it has seemed at times of late years as if a man had only to call a thing a "business transaction" in order to release himself in carrying it through from all the restraints hitherto imposed by religion, morality, and manners.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising and it is not improper that the public should call upon every man who offers himself or is offered by his friends as a candidate for high office, to tell how much money he has and how he got it. The origin of a man's fortune and his pecuniary history are in fact, at this crisis in our affairs, of more importance if he be a candidate for the Presidency than his opinions upon any question of national politics. Dishonesty and connivance at dishonesty are the plague just now of our politics, and dishonesty or an easy temper with regard to dishonest practices ought to be therefore an absolute disqualification for office. As American life now is, and is likely to be for many generations to come, it is not indecent or inquisitorial to require that any man who seeks to take charge of the Government shall make plain to all the world the amount of his fortune and the mode in which he acquired it. The accumulation of money by secret and obscure means has been in all civilized countries in all ages a proper and needful source of discredit, and there is no reason why it should not be so here.

THE WORK OF A REFORM PRESIDENT.

THE intense personal interest which the struggle over the nomination and election of a President causes is so great that there is always danger lest in the midst of it we lose sight of the serious objects which lie behind the mere struggle for place, and which alone give it any meaning. The natural tendency, as the campaign grows warmer, is for all those actively interested in it to look more and more upon the election of the particular candidate they favor as an end in itself, superior even to the attainment of the ends for which the nomination was originally made. This is peculiarly the case in the present campaign, because the nature of the questions now before the country is such that the candidate occupies a far more prominent position than the platform he stands upon, if, indeed, this year there can be said to be any distinctive platforms at all. Every month, as the summer goes on, there will be a stronger and stronger feeling, not only that the salvation of the country depends upon this or that particular man, but that this or that man once elected, the country will be saved, and we need trouble ourselves no more about it.

This, however, is far from being really a true view of the matter. The election of the best of all possible Presidents, and the overwhelming defeat of General Grant and the "Senatorial Group," will release the country no doubt from the disgrace under which it labors now, but, so far from being the end, it will be only the beginning of any real reform. When the good President whom we all hope to see elected is fairly installed in the White House, he will not be able, as some people seem to believe, by this simple fact to "return to the ways of the Fathers," but he will find himself face to face with exactly the same system of political intrigue and corruption which is now at work, and which if it be not upset by him will make him its tool. The dilemma which he will find he has to meet will be that in theory the patronage is in the hands of the Executive, while in reality it is in the hands of Senators and Members of Congress. As a reformer, he will be bound in making all his appointments (and this will be the main work of the first year of his term of office) to enquire solely into the fitness of candidates; as

a practical politician, he will be required to ask, "Whom do Ben Butler, Conkling, Simmons, Cornell, and Sharpe (or their counterparts in the other party if he is a Democrat) want to have put in?" There are, as we know by sad experience, two ways out of this difficulty. One is that which was tried by General Grant, of making a pretence of attempting a reform in the system of appointments by taking them from Congress, and then of giving way at the first show of resistance, throwing himself into the hands of the Senatorial Cabal which is really the present seat of administrative power, letting them make the appointments for him, and protesting at the same time that he is doing as well as he can under the circumstances; that it is necessary in politics to be "practical" and make "compromises"; and that it is hopeless to try to carry on a government in opposition to the advice of "influential leaders," and finally winding up by filling the offices with Belknaps, Babcocks, MacDonalds, Joyces, and Averys. This is one way of meeting the difficulty. The only other way is to determine at the outset that the system must be broken up, to defy the politicians to do their worst, and to fall back on popular support for vindication. This is what a reforming President will have to begin his term of office with, so that instead of his election proving the signal for a general "era of harmony," it will be the signal for a sharp and deadly battle between him and the system as it exists, headed by every senator and member of Congress who has a place to fill, with a following made up of the vast hordes of people who live by the trade of politics. It would not be at all surprising if the first result were to be a dead-lock between Congress and the President, the Senate refusing to confirm the President's appointments unless he agreed at least to "pool" nominations with them.

We have not the least question that the country would come to the support of a President capable of taking such a stand, and it is to such a struggle as this that we look forward as the most desirable issue from the present chaotic and disheartening condition of politics. But it is for this very reason that the selection of the proper man for the work that is to be done in the next four years is of so much more importance than even the temporary defeat of the present corrupt régime. What the times demand is a man who, if elected, will go to Washington firmly convinced, not that "good men should be appointed to office"—everybody is convinced of that—but that under the present system good men cannot be put into the offices, and that the way to fill the offices with good men is therefore to strike at the roots of the system itself. In looking for such a man, too, we ought to remember that Grant's Administration should have taught us at least one thing, that we are not likely to find the qualities we need in any man who is either "a part of the thing to be reformed," or whose associations, tastes, and general tone of character are of a low order. The next President must not merely recognize that it is politically unwise to touch pitch. He must shrink instinctively from the defilement of it. If there were not such serious interests at stake, there would be something ludicrous, in the light of what we know (and might have always known) of General Grant's associations and friendships, in the idea that he ever could have been a reformer. A man who selects his associates and friends from that class of society which we may call the Boss class, whether he does so because he thinks Bosses carry too many guns to be despised, or because he really enjoys their society, puts himself into such relations with them that it is impossible for him to be any longer a free man. Down to the Grant period, this fact was recognized by all Presidents; and the spectacle of the head of the Government going about, as we may say, junketing with Bosses all over the country, accepting dinners, testimonials, and "gifts" from them, driving with them, smoking with them, and making himself one of them, was unknown. General Grant, however, has changed all that, and with the natural result. It is impossible for a man to put himself in such a position without incurring obligations, and when the time came for firmness we had weakness instead. There will be just as many Bosses in the country after the election this autumn as there are now, and they will have the aid and support of the Whiskey Ring, Safe-Burglars

and Post-Traders, and all the Babcocks, Harringtons, Butlers, Jaynes, Camerons, Mortons, and Conklings; and the question is whether the next President will make himself their tool or defy them. He cannot, in the work he will have to do, first use them to get power and then throw them aside. He must be either their master or, as General Grant has become, their puppet.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LONDON, April 8, 1876.

AMID the multitude of interesting subjects which are touched upon in that wonderful curiosity-shop of literary, social, and political articles of virtu, 'Lord Macaulay's Life and Letters,' just published by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, one cannot fail to be struck by the tone of grave and sometimes bitter foreboding which he uses in speaking of the future of the House of Lords. He fears for "a constitution in which a reformed House of Commons found itself face to face with an unreformed House of Lords." "Nobody," he says, "seems to care one straw for what the Peers say about any public matter." . . . "The institution of the Peerage is evidently dying a natural death"; and so on through different pages in his biography. And yet Lord Macaulay was not a man to whom the Cassandra vein came naturally. His mind was too robust and his temperament too buoyant to permit him to indulge in gloomy vaticination upon any subject, whether private or public. He had nothing of the croaker about him. His native self-confidence and his cheerful disposition and warm heart would not admit of any participation in pessimist opinions. It was not in the man to brood. We must look, therefore, at the times he lived in when these suggestions of future evil were given forth.

For many years previous to 1832 the House of Lords was undoubtedly an institution which wrought more evil than good in the land. To give a single instance, what could have been more pregnant with evil to the state than the perverse resistance which the House of Lords offered to the passing of the Reform Act—a resistance carried to the verge of a revolution which must have steeped the country in the blood of a civil war? Lord Macaulay lived through these tempestuous times, and realized the peril in which his country was plunged by the obstinacy of the hereditary branch of the legislature. But had he lived till now, and seen the rapid development of popular and proletarian forces which are so powerful in England at the present day, I cannot help thinking that he would have regarded the institution whose downfall he seemed to view without trepidation with greater favor than his letters seem to indicate.

Between 1832 and 1867 the House of Lords performed many foolish and some dangerous experiments upon the temper and forbearance of the people, of which perhaps the most notable was the rejection of the Paper-duties Bill in 1860. But during these years the House of Commons was, upon the whole, a sober-minded, independent body of English gentlemen, sent to Parliament to do the bidding (within the exercise of their own unfettered judgment) of a sober-minded and intelligent body of electors. The measures favorably received by such a body of English gentlemen were *prima facie* reasonable measures, calculated to enhance the welfare of the people at large, and in no sense violent or revolutionary. The chances were that any strong opposition offered by an hereditary body of legislators to measures emanating from a House of Commons so constituted was factious and unreasonable; and, if we look through the records of the transactions of the House of Lords during these years, we shall find that seven-tenths of the work which they executed was mischievous. It was obstructive, and it was directed against the reasonable wishes of a reasonable body of representatives elected by the flower of the people. But their obstructiveness never went the length of that of 1831 and 1832; the mischief that they did was more in matters of detail than in matters of principle. Their tendencies always were, and, in the nature of things, must always be, conservative. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain by change, and they cannot help looking at what comes before them from the point of view of their own order. Until 1867, accordingly, we find that their action was for the most part favorable to measures introduced by Tory ministers when such ministries happened to be in power, and hostile to measures introduced by Whig ministries. They prevented some good Whig proposals from becoming law; they postponed the passing of others until in recurring years they were forced by public opinion to let them go; and they took the Whig marrow out of many others. More than once during these years ominous queries were going about as to the utility of the House of Lords as an institution, and doubtful answers given that it was worth preserving just so long as it behaved itself, and did not attempt

to play the part of a separate and dominant oligarchy, overriding the other estates of the realm. But we have fallen upon different times. The revolution—that first step towards imperialism—perpetrated by Mr. Disraeli in 1867, the effects of which were felt for the first time in the recent election of 1874, has changed much of the feeling in the country which was hostile to the House of Lords. We begin to feel that the institution of a body of hereditary legislators, who are above and independent of the dangerous influences attendant on popular representation, is a real safeguard in the state.

Members of the House of Commons are no longer independent men. So great is the desire for a seat in Parliament that the electors are able to make their own terms, and those who dictate the terms are neither the wisest nor the best in the constituencies. Rather they are the noisiest and the wildest. In more than one borough constituency which I could mention, the fact that a candidate is supported by the more respectable classes of electors is prejudicial and not unfrequently fatal to his chances of success. The lower orders of voters are jealous of the higher orders, and, being numerically superior, they can carry the man who pledges himself to carry out their wishes or who panders to their jealousies. The success of Dr. Kenealy at Stoke-upon-Trent is an instance in point, and many others suggest themselves to any one who is familiar with the general character of English constituencies.

In these circumstances the utility of the House of Lords is obvious. Individual members of the Lower House are swayed by the impulses of the least reasonable in their constituencies, and the Government of the day, when parties are divided equally, desire to catch the votes of the individual members. Hence they must legislate down to the desires and impulses of the tail of the constituencies. The present Government are carrying out this policy of legislation with reckless indifference to the real good of the community. During the two last sessions they exerted themselves to please individual classes in the state to whom they were under obligations or from whom they look for favors—the clergy, the licensed victuallers, the shopkeepers, the trades-unionists, and the metropolitan slaughter-house keepers. This year they have gone down a peg even beneath these classes. They have pandered to what the newspapers have called "the imperial instincts of the people." Abroad they have initiated a flashy, shallow policy, which imposes upon no one, and which can bring nothing but ridicule and contempt upon the country. At home, they have taken the first step towards debauching the lower section of the electorate, and have inaugurated a political move that even an unimaginative critic may regard as the foreshadowing of the "panem et circenses" policy of the evil days of Roman imperialism. This year's Budget, rightly nicknamed a "Bribery Budget," proposes to increase the income tax (a tax which Mr. Disraeli in his address to the electors of Buckinghamshire in 1874 promised indirectly to repeal) on all incomes over £400 a year, but to relieve the lower incomes even of that which they now pay. In other words, it is proposed to remit taxation on the mass of the borough electors, and impose taxation on the shoulders of the wealthier minority. The class, therefore, that has the voting power in its hands, and consequently the initiation of policy, and especially of foreign policy, is relieved of all anxiety as to the consequences of extravagance. It may drive the country into reckless waste and feel no evil effects, while the minority, which bears the burdens, is powerless to withstand the more numerous but irresponsible majority. Such barefaced pandering to the demos is unprecedented in our time. Philanthropists in this country have flattered it; tyrants have scorned it in time gone by; and agitators have excited it. It has been left to Mr. Disraeli's Ministry to attempt its corruption by unscrupulous and unblushing bribery.

It is as a check on these extravagances and demoralizing practices that the House of Lords can best exert its independent authority. It has precisely the same capacities for good or evil in legislation that the other House of Parliament enjoys in all measures which come before it except—and here is the difficulty—in measures relating to taxation. A "Money Bill" may be thrown out by the House of Lords, but it may not be amended. A "Bribery Budget" therefore, it is true, cannot be dealt with by the Upper House. The Commons are jealous of their privileges in money matters. We are, therefore, at the mercy of an unscrupulous minister with a mechanical majority at his back in all matters affecting taxation. We must therefore submit to this, the first instalment of "the bread and games" policy. But in all other matters affecting the welfare of the state the House of Lords has, in theory at least, a legislative authority co-ordinate with that possessed by the representatives of the people; and of late the House of Lords has not scrupled to exert this authority. Last session an act for the prevention of adulteration of food passed both Houses. In the Commons the Government, scrupulous lest the interests of fraudulent shopkeepers (who are

also voters) should suffer, insisted, in the face of hostile divisions, on relieving the adulterators of all responsibility unless it was shown that the adulteration was effected "knowingly." The Opposition, acting in the interest of the public and not of a class, endeavored vainly to omit this word. The bill went to the House of Lords, and the word was omitted without a division. So, in the Conspiracy Bill of last session, the House of Lords introduced certain provisions against the interests of the trades-unionists which the majority in the popular assembly declined, or were afraid, to sanction. These are but passing instances of the value of an independent house of legislature, which might easily be multiplied. This session the Liberal section of the House of Lords has already done good service in the sense that they have spoken out boldly on matters of importance wherein their testimony is more valuable than the testimony of the Commons. On the Oxford University Bill men like Lord Granville, Lord Morley, and Lord Carlingford have not hesitated to raise up their voices with no uncertain sound against the retention of clerical restrictions. So on that most unfortunate measure, the Royal Titles Bill, a very important body of Peers have entered their protest against the proposal to import the Imperial style upon the ancient monarchy—a protest which, even in our last extremity in this bad business, we fondly hope may have some influence upon our aged, and perhaps hardly responsible, sovereign. Party considerations, no doubt, were too powerful for the good sense and taste of the minority of the House of Lords. But the outspoken and independent words of even the minority are of immense value to the country while we are still under the domination of Mr. Disraeli and his majority. So long as that domination lasts we are not ashamed to say, with something approaching to fervor, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" or, at least, a Liberal minority in that House who are not afraid to speak the truth.

FRANCE AND EGYPT.

PARIS, April 7, 1876.

IT was once said of Louis Napoleon: "Il ne parle jamais, il ment toujours." It might sometimes be said of the French press: "Elle parle toujours et ne dit jamais rien." It is curious to notice, for instance, how little has been said about the mission of M. Outrey to Cairo. While Mr. Cave's name has been in the mouths of all Englishmen for the last month, while every newspaper has been discussing the character, the importance, the object of his mission, there has been nothing said in France about M. Outrey, and I doubt if he is much more widely known, at the present moment, in Paris than he was a year ago. The democratic press is much more occupied with the amnesty, the nomination of the new prefects, the validation or the invalidation of the new deputies, than with the defence of French interests in the East.

The mission of M. Outrey to Egypt has, nevertheless, a very great interest; and if the Duc Decazes wanted to have in Egypt a representative of France thoroughly conversant with the traditions, the habits, the people of the country, he could have made no better choice. The Outreys are what we call a Levantine family. In the time of Louis XIV. they were already the commercial and political agents of France in the East. They have for two centuries given consuls to France in the East. This tradition has, however, been broken in our time. M. Outrey, who has now a special mission in Egypt, has represented France in Japan, and if our relations with Mexico could have been renewed he was marked for the post of Mexico. He was in Paris, in what may be called the reserve of diplomacy, when he was asked by the Duc Decazes to go to Cairo, where he had long been consul-general.

We do not know, of course, the tenor of his instructions, and his was essentially a secret mission. But light has been pouring from all directions on the affairs of Egypt. What is perhaps not so well known is the transformation of public opinion in France in relation to the affairs of Egypt since Mr. Disraeli bought his shares of the Suez Canal. Lord Palmerston had always opposed, as much as was in his power, the scheme of the canal and the efforts of M. de Lesseps. It was found, however, not only that the canal could be made, but that it would become perforce the great road to the East, and England's line of communication with India. The imperial dependence of India has become the great prize of England's ambition; her small armies can no longer play in Europe the part which they did in old times; England sees new and powerful unities forming on the Continent, and absorbing those small states of which she once boasted herself the protector. But it is not in the nature of Great Britain to be timid and modest, and the English nation has never adopted the views of the economist school in foreign matters. England must have a field for her energy, and India is more and more becoming that field. Whatever may be the

technical defects of the operation made by Mr. Disraeli when he made England an important partner in the Suez Canal, I believe that he gave satisfaction to the national feeling in England. When he made his *coup de théâtre* the national feeling was not aroused in France. We perfectly understand that England will never shut the canal against anybody in time of peace, and in time of war she will shut it whether she owns shares or not against her enemies. We have the satisfaction of having promoted the canal, and dug it, and we still hold the largest number of shares in the enterprise. France has completely renounced all idea of conquering Egypt, and she has done well. "En politique," said once to me a great diplomat, "il faut des idées simples." What is or ought to be for France *l'idée simple*? Of course there is but one, which I need not express, for it suggests itself at once to the mind of a patriot. The possession of Egypt, the primacy of Egypt, is not an *idée simple*; it is one of those old traditions which sleep in the bureaux of the Foreign Office. To me the idea of opposing at present the French influence to the English influence on those petty fields of Morocco, Tunis, Greece, Egypt, seems almost childish. Why should we compromise for a small object our good relations with England, which ought to be carefully preserved for a distant and simple objective? It is perhaps idle in such matters, and even under our Republican régime, to speak of public opinion. There is really no public opinion in France about Egypt and the Khedive, except perhaps among the holders of Egyptian bonds. It is for the leaders of opinion to frame and to choose a policy. Are they to begin war against England on that little field of Egypt or not?

The question, if it were put in this plain form, would be very easily answered; but unfortunately many private interests are mixed up with the public interest. The last Empire allowed the creation in France of some banks which are almost state institutions, and their statutes have permitted them to enter into speculations which are of a dangerous character. Such is the great institution called the *Crédit Foncier*, such is the *Crédit Agricole*. Now, it is no mystery among well-informed financiers that these establishments, which were instituted in the interest of French agriculture (they are essentially mortgage companies), have taken a more cosmopolitan view of their mission. The Khedive has been treated as the greatest landed proprietor in the world. These banks have in their hands an amount of his bonds which is somewhat alarming. The credit of the Khedive and of Egypt (it is one and the same thing) has become too important an element in the credit of an institution which, I regret to say, has somewhat the character of a state institution, as the state chooses its governor and has much to do with its operations. This is a very unfortunate complication; to say things brutally, and at the risk of making absurd suppositions, if the Khedive should fail as Turkey has failed, there would be in Paris a financial crisis which the Government wishes to avoid. The credit of the Khedive must, by all means, be maintained; such has been the theory of our administration and of the French financiers. The French public has somewhat lost its faith in Eastern finances; the collapse of Turkish credit is now complete, and it will, perhaps, be difficult to make the new Egyptian loan acceptable to our capitalists. Left to himself, the Khedive would find but few friends here at present; but if he has the support, or even what may be deemed the support of France, if by some device his credit may be represented as being placed under the responsibility of France, then there is no doubt that the new operation will be highly successful. Our great banks will place in the hands of the public the bonds with which they are now overburdened. Our ingenious financiers have spread for the last few days a rumor which is destined to facilitate their intended operations. A note, it seems, has come from Russia; and what said this note? It informed Marshal MacMahon that Russia had decidedly made up her mind to go into the Eastern question hand-in-hand with France. It was only after an interview between Prince Orloff and the Duc Decazes that it was decided that Egypt must be helped by all means, with or without the help of England. The patriotic gentlemen who spend their time at the Exchange speak of the coming Egyptian loan as "a national operation." You are almost looked upon and branded as a bad citizen if you express any doubt about the credit of Egypt.

Has there been an offer on the part of Russia to France of concerted action in the East? I do not know; but it seems strange that this diplomatic effusion of Prince Gortchakoff should have come so conveniently for the holders of Egyptian bonds; that Russia should have embarked so quickly in so great an enterprise as the division of the inheritance of the sick man; and that she should have taken for an ally in the coming "war of succession" the power which is now the least prepared to go to war. It is strange that Russia should invite France to help the Khedive, when she gives not a sixpence to the great Sultan and gleats over his bankruptcy. Surely, if Russia intends to take Constantinople and offers us Egypt, there

is no reason why the Khedive should not be allowed to become a bankrupt, like his lord the Sultan. The policy of a country like Russia is not conducted by fits and starts; there is a certain sort of continuity in the history of states as well as in the development of every man. It is quite true that Prince Gortchakoff has been startled by the book of Klaczko on the "two Chancellors"; that his enemies at home are secretly enjoying his anger at being represented as the tool and unconscious instrument of Bismarck. It may be that he feels a sudden impulse to "do something," as people say here when they don't know what to do; but to embark in the Eastern question with no better help than the Egyptian Khedive and the knot of international financiers who call themselves the "high finance" in Paris, without any assurance of procuring the active support of the Republican party, which is now in the ascendant in France, would be a very imprudent and extraordinary enterprise.

However, it is not for us to examine how far Prince Gortchakoff may or may not go; our duty is to care first for France, and not to embark in what I might call a new Mexican war. Egypt is not as far off as Mexico, but anything which might lead us in an emergency to an armed occupation of the valley of the Nile would be a great peril. If the *Crédit Foncier* and the banks which form "syndicates" with this great state establishment are placed in possession of the Egyptian railroads, if they become the masters of the Egyptian custom-house—if Egypt, in one word, is pawned by the Khedive—we might be led some day or other to interfere more than we might find convenient in the government of Egypt, and there will be a continual pressure of the Egyptian bondholders on the French Government in view of this dangerous possibility. We have gone back to the "age of gold," and one of its most extraordinary characteristics is the new combination of diplomacy and finance which has become so scandalously apparent lately in Eastern affairs. Have you not a proverb saying that it is better to lose your money and keep your credit? The Turkish Government can hardly follow this advice; it has lost money, credit, and all. Egypt might have become very prosperous under a good administration, but no distant European interference will ever alter the character of its administration; and whoever reads Mr. Cave's report must have little hope for the financial future of that country. We hope, therefore, that France will not get entangled in its affairs. Committees may be appointed and commissioners named to control the receipts; no commissioners will be allowed to control the expenses. The Ottoman Bank in Constantinople has not had the slightest influence over the internal administration of Turkey. What will two French and Italian commissioners in Cairo be able to do to eradicate the vices of an absolute government?

Notes.

HURD & HOUGHTON announce for early publication a translation of Julian Klaczko's 'Two Chancellors.'—'Free, Yet Forging Their Own Chains,' a story of the Pennsylvania mining regions; and 'Familiar Talks with Boys,' by the Rev. John Hall, D.D., are among Dodd & Mead's announcements.—D. Appleton & Co. will publish 'Uncontradicted Testimony in the Beecher Case,' compiled from the official records by the Rev. Lyman Abbott; 'The Warfare of Science,' by President Andrew D. White; a 'Life of James W. Grimes,' former Governor of Iowa and United States Senator, by William Salter; and a 'Life of Alexander T. Stewart,' by James Grant Wilson.—Macmillan & Co. have in press 'Three Centuries of English Poetry' (from Chaucer to Herrick), selections by R. O. Masson; and a 'Manual of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain,' by W. H. Hooper and W. C. Phillips.—'The Violin; its Famous Makers and their Imitators,' by George Hart, is announced by J. W. Bouton.—H. S. Allen, New York, will publish an illustrated history of the United States called 'One Hundred Years' Achievements of a Free People.'—M. E. Dufossé has just issued the first number of *Américana*, "bulletin bibliographique trimestriel des livres relatifs à l'Amérique."—Calmann Lévy, the successor of Michel Lévy Frères, has just published 'Chroniques Parisiennes, 1843-1845,' by C. A. Sainte-Beuve, a reprint, we suppose, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The same house announces as in press 'Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques,' a volume by Ernest Renan.—*Le Courrier Littéraire* is the name of a new literary weekly, of 32 pp. 8vo, published fortnightly by Sandoz and Fischbacher, Paris, beginning last month. It aims to meet the wants of readers of the present day by "a succinct analysis and rapid judgment" of new works after the manner of the *Athenæum* and *Academy*. Reviews will be anonymous, but each number will contain a longish *étude* signed by some well-known writer. M. François Coppée will be the dramatic editor.

Literary correspondence from all parts of the world is promised. A novel stipulation is contained in the prospectus: "The editor promises to return in forty-eight hours the books which he cannot undertake to review."—A highly attractive work is in course of publication by C. Lichtwerck, Berlin (New York: L. W. Schmidt), namely, an album of thirty-two photographs of South American sights and scenery ('Landschafts- und Städtebilder'), with accompanying text, by Louis Rosenthal, for many years a resident and traveller in South America. The views comprise one for Uruguay, six for the Argentine Confederation, as many for Chile, ten for Peru, two for Ecuador, and three for New Granada.

—The *Publishers' Weekly's* enquiry of the trade as to the most salable works on the Revolutionary period elicited the following vote: Lossing's 'Field-Book,' 19; Greene's 'Historical View,' 17; Irving's 'Life of Washington' (four editions), 17; Greene's 'Life of Nathaniel Greene,' 12; Sabine's 'American Loyalists,' 12; Frothingham's 'Siege of Boston,' 11; Headley's 'Washington,' 11; Watson's 'Camp-Fires,' 9; 'Letters of John Adams and Wife,' 8; Greene's 'German Element,' 8; Thomson's 'History of the War,' 8; Bigelow's 'Life of Franklin,' 7; Frothingham's 'Rise of the Republic,' 7; Wells's 'Life of Sam. Adams,' 7, etc. In this, as in most of the *Weekly's* previous tests of popular reading, the admission of recent publications detracts from the value of the indication, but there are not so many here that they cannot be readily eliminated. The older and standard works offer some surprises. That Prof. Greene's 'Historical View,' for instance, should hold the rank it does might have been expected; but that his *Life of his grandfather* should be three-fourths as much in request was, considering the size and cost of the work (3 vols. 8vo, \$12), hardly to be looked for. Sabine's 'Loyalists,' too, of which the last edition was, we believe, published in 1864, shows a degree of favor for which, even conceding a Canadian demand for it, we were not prepared. Finally, that one copy of Wells's 'Life of Samuel Adams' (3 vols. 8vo, \$12) should be called for say for every three of Lossing's 'Field-Book' (2 vols. royal 8vo, \$14) was not antecedently probable to one possessed only of our information. The serious and scholarly works decidedly outrank the others among purchasers; it would be curious to compare with the above statistics the demand for the same works at some one of our public libraries. Backed by school-boy suffrages, we should doubtless see Mr. Headley and Mr. Watson stepping nearer to the front, and Mr. Judson and Mr. J. S. C. Abbott emerging from the obscurity of the rear.

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has rendered a decision in the "Bay Psalm-Book" case, dismissing the bill in equity brought by the deacons of the Old South Church in Boston to recover a particular book at present in the possession of the executrix of the late Mayor Shurtleff. The book in question was printed at Cambridge, in New England, in 1640, and is described by Thomas as being "the first book printed in this country." It had once belonged to Rev. Richard Mather (one of the translators), and afterwards to Rev. Increase Mather, and was contained in the collection bequeathed in 1758 by Rev. Thomas Prince "to the Old South Church for ever." The book remained in the Old South library for more than a century; but in the year 1860 there occurred a "mutual interchange of gifts" between the deacons (the custodians of the library) and Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, a noted antiquarian, afterwards Mayor of Boston—Dr. Shurtleff, for his part, receiving the Bay Psalm-Book, and the deacons, on behalf of the church library, accepting Winthrop's 'Journal' and Belknap's 'American Biography.' While Dr. Shurtleff lived he enjoyed peaceable possession of his "nugget," exhibiting it as "his own" to the old-book lovers, and making a fac-simile reprint, which was disposed of by subscription. But after his death, which took place in 1874, the deacons of the Old South, reminded by bibliomanists that they had exceeded their discretion in removing so valuable a book from the trust, commenced legal proceedings for its restoration. The Court (Judge Morton), after a full hearing of testimony as to the facts and arguments upon the law, has now decided that the "statute of limitations" is a sufficient bar to the claim made by the plaintiffs.

—In the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for April the opening paper is a genealogical sketch of the Lowndes Family of South Carolina. A steel portrait is given of William Lowndes, a Southern statesman whose name has not maintained itself with posterity like those of some of his contemporaries, though he was the appointed manager of the Missouri Compromise and in other and better ways was a leader in his time. He was the "favorite son" of his State for the Presidency in competition with Crawford and J. Q. Adams, and it is curious to find him the author of a phrase which we quoted the other day from Adams's diary, where it had reference to the very same contingency. Lowndes wrote his wife, Jan. 6,

1822: "The Presidency is not in my opinion an office to be either solicited or declined." Adams, when entreated to contribute money to advance his own election, used to reply: "The Presidency is not an office to be sought or declined," etc. This formula, so convenient for a willing candidate, was heard in our day when Judge Davis was approached in regard to his disposition to stand for the Presidency at Cincinnati in 1872; and it is worth remarking that the consent implied in this Delphic utterance cost the son of John Quincy Adams a nomination at least. Mr. Lowndes, to return to our subject, deserves special remembrance as the author of a scheme of representation in the Lower House which from 1809 to 1865 preserved South Carolina from Parkers, Scotts, Moseses, and Whippers; and which, while we are casting helplessly about for modes of reforming our legislatures, is worth reconsidering. He secured the passage of an act providing that half the representatives should be elected on the basis of population, and the other half on that of wealth. Another interesting genealogy in this number of the *Register* is that of the Folsom family, one member of which, Capt. Joseph L. Folsom, a classmate and intimate friend of Gen. Sherman's, was chiefly instrumental in 1847 in fixing the site of San Francisco. Moreover, with a perfect foresight, he invested \$1,500—his all—in the land on which the present city stands, adding to this as he was able; his estate (he died in 1855) is now valued at eleven millions. In the diary of the Hon. W. D. Williamson, journeying from Bangor to take his seat in Congress in 1821, it is recorded: "Prayers in the morning by the Chaplain, the Speaker then takes the chair, calls to order—the members sit with hats on or off at pleasure."

—The literature relating to the spelling of Shakspeare's name is not so bulky as that which touches some other moot points in the career of the dramatist, but a good deal has been written about it. It is certainly interesting to know whether, while finding time to make himself familiar with the *Corpus Juris*, to discover the circulation of the blood, and to write the voluminous works which still pass under the name of Lord Bacon, he took any pains to determine the spelling of his own name, or left to chance what letters should compose it. In the May number of *Scribner's* Mr. J. H. Gilmore has undertaken a discussion of this question, quoting White's 'Shakespeare's Scholar' as authority for the following as among the forms which the name has taken at one time and another:

Chakspier,	Shagspere,	Shaxper,
Shakspere,	Shaxpur,	Shakspear,
Shaxpere,	Shakspier,	Shaxpeare,
Shakspire,	Shaxper,	Shakspeare,
Shaxspere,	Shakspeare,	Shaxburd,
Shakspier,	Saxpere,	Shakspeyr,
Shakespero,	Shakspire,	Shakspear,
Shakespeare,	Shakspeire,	Schaksper,
Schakspeyr,	Shakspeare,	Shakspeare,
Shaxspere,	Shakspear,	Shakspere.

Mr. Furnivall admits the existence of only five unquestionably genuine signatures of the poet's, two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage and three on his will. Of these the first two are Shakspeare; of the three will-signatures, two are Shakspeare, while about the third there is no agreement, Furnivall making it Shakspeare, Stevens and Malone as well as Sir Francis Madden deciphering it as Shakespeare. These autographs seem to settle one point—that Shakspeare never inserted an *e* after the *k* any more than his father did before him, the name appearing in the latter's will Shakspear. The result of the study of the subject thus far has not been to produce uniformity, the fashion having changed from century to century, and giving us, in the seventeenth, Shakespeare; in the eighteenth, Shakspeare; and in the nineteenth, till recently, Shakespeare. In the struggle for existence, it certainly looks now as if Mr. Furnivall's reading were likely to have the best of it, though the settled pronunciation of the name will always have a tendency to throw an *e* into the first syllable. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the name is not that there should have been such a struggle over the spelling, but that there should be so little variation in Shakspeare's own way of spelling it. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, spelling was notoriously loose, and the spelling of names frequently a mere matter of caprice. In a note to his 'Life of Jeffreys' (who was born in 1648), Lord Campbell says "the name is spelt no fewer than eight different ways: 'Jeffries,' 'Jefferies,' 'Jefferys,' 'Jeffereys,' 'Jefferyes,' 'Jeffrys,' 'Jeffryes,' and 'Jeffreys,' and he himself spelt it differently at different times of his life; but the last spelling is that which is found in his patent of peerage, and which he always used afterwards."

—The *Atlantic* contains a very interesting number of Mrs. Kemble's "Gossip," with anecdotes of the Sheridan family, of "that exceedingly coarse, disagreeable, clever, and witty man, Theodore Hook," of whose

"loud voice, and blazing red face, and staring black eyes" she declares that she always had a dread. Mrs. Kemble certainly does not give an agreeable picture of an evening at which Hook, when fairly forced into extemporizing at the piano by Mrs. Norton, extemporized upon her as a subject, in a highly satirical vein, so objectionable to the object of the satire that though she was able to restrain her feelings at the time, she subsequently broke out about Hook, "and his odious ill-nature and abominable coarseness, saying that it was a disgrace and a shame that for the sake of his paper, the *John Bull*, and its influence, the Tories should receive such a man in society"—an explanation of his social success, it may be imagined, rather inadequate. The life of Theodore Hook, with his musical knack, his talent for extemporizing verses, his great love of punning, and his equal love for practical jokes, might furnish some magazine writer a good subject for an article on the type—we do not know exactly what to call it—to which he belonged. Hook was by no means the only one of his kind in the society of the period, as the memoirs of the time sufficiently show. He was only the most noted of a set of men, all having some exceptional gift in the way of mimicry or music or verse-making, all finding their way into good society, and all leading a semi-Bohemian sort of life, very much more entertaining, according to Anglo-Saxon ideas, from its close connections with respectability and solid knowledge, than the outlaw life which Mürger has celebrated for France, and imitators of Mürger have imagined could be transplanted to America. Certainly, for the entertainment of others, no Bohemianism has been so profitable to the world as the kind of which Charles Matthews, Theodore Hook, and their friends were the centre. Perhaps as noticeable a thing as any about them is the fact that in the society of the present day, in which a kind of nervous excitement has unpleasantly replaced the rollicking animal spirits that made life formerly merry, they would hardly be tolerated.

—The ventilation of the House of Representatives having become so bad that it was evident that something must be done, a board of officers—composed of Professor Henry of the Smithsonian, Colonel Casey of the Engineers, Mr. Clark, the architect of the Capitol, Mr. Schumann, of the office of the Architect of the Treasury, and Dr. Billings, of the Army—has been appointed to examine the numerous plans submitted by professional ventilators, and to report as to the proper measures to be taken to afford relief. Whatever plan may be recommended, we presume that it will be necessary to make brains a part of the machinery, and that probably the board will find that no plan which they may recommend for the procuring and preserving this portion of the apparatus will be satisfactory. The English Parliament think it best to employ a well-known scientific man and physician, Baron Percy, to supervise the heating and ventilation of their buildings, and pay him about \$20,000 a year for his services. The engineer in charge of the ventilating machinery of the House of Representatives is appointed by the Clerk of the House, and holds his office at his pleasure. He receives \$1,800 a year, and it has usually been considered requisite that he should know how to run a steam-engine. It will be of interest to note the changes in this plan recommended by the board, and the action taken thereon by the House.

—It is curious to see how the word *quite*, the synonym of 'entirely,' after coming into use in the sense of 'very' (which is, however, "quite recent"), is now passing current in the sense of 'not quite.' An illustration of this came to our notice in the case of an inventor of a new safety-lamp for burning-fluids, who found he could make no sales because the scientific experts certified that his lamp was "quite safe."

—It is now a long time since we have met with notices of the American knife-eater in the writings of contemporary critics; and when we recollect how frequently he used to be noticed by European tourists, and how he used to be held up to the scorn and loathing of mankind, we are forced to attribute the recent caducity of his ill-fame either to his gradual disappearance before the march of civilization or else to the increasing dulness of appreciation in the critical world caused by the progress of democracy and the breaking down of the old barriers which caste erected between those who eat with their fork and those who shovel with the baser implement. Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, has, however, in his Western travels, in the city of Des Moines, come across a fellow-creature who, as he distinctly avers, amused himself while at table, not simply by eating with his knife, but by dipping the knife (used meanwhile as more timid and delicately-nurtured persons use a fork) into the cream-pitcher and the sugar-bowl, and licking from it the adhering sugar and milk. These atrocities Mr. Proctor has without hesitation denounced, and the press has without reserve endorsed his denunciation. There can be no doubt that, if we are to draw the line anywhere, since the communal use of the sugar-bowl and the cream-pitcher is in reality but one remove from the institution—which we have never heard

of as in vogue except upon the high seas—of the communal tooth-brush, in the interest of civilization we must draw it where Mr. Proctor does. Indeed, we may say that the correct use of the knife and fork, like the correct use of *will* and *shall*, is among English-speaking races the surest and most absolute test of breeding. An American or Englishman who puts *will* where *shall* ought to be, and *vice versa*, may not be a homicide or a burglar, and a man who eats with his knife may be a good husband and father; but this kind of defence, which is usually urged by genial lovers of their kind, is in reality not a defence, but a plea in mitigation of damages.

—We were inclined to think the change in the Ministry of Public Instruction by far the most serious consequence of the overthrow of the Minghetti Cabinet in Italy. The new incumbent is Signor Coppino, who held the same office in 1867 under Rattazzi, but left no mark on the educational progress of the country, and who has not the reputation of possessing the vigor necessary to continue the reforms instituted by his predecessor, or the independence to resist the attacks on them which will probably not long be delayed. Nevertheless, he has, to his great credit, announced his intention to adhere to Signor Bonghi's policy, and to resign his place if thwarted. The late minister, meantime, if his health is not too much impaired by his extraordinary devotion to his official duties, will inevitably have a large share as heretofore in shaping the legislation relating to public instruction. Some idea of the part which he has played in this respect as a simple deputy in the Italian Chamber may be had by consulting a work which we ought long ago to have brought to the attention of our readers. We refer to Prof. C. Hippeau's '*L'Instruction Publique en Italie*' (Paris: Didier; New York: F. W. Christern). This essay was completed on the eve of Prof. Bonghi's accession to the Ministry, and so stops short of the last manifestation of the reformatory spirit by a statesman perhaps the best fitted among his peers by his study of English, German, and American institutions to improve the methods and elevate the standard of education in the Peninsula. But, this deficiency apart, the work will be found to give a very faithful picture of the present state of primary, secondary, and the higher education in Italy, and the organization of the Ministry which has them in charge. It abounds in statistics, but, throughout, it introduces them with a discussion of principles having a general interest, in the course of which frequent comparisons are made with the practices of other countries. Thus, on the subject of gratuitous instruction the author refers to the American device of a school-fund, and shows that our common schools are gratuitous only for the poor who pay no taxes, and that this class is benefited without being invidiously distinguished from those who are able to and in fact do pay. Again, having noted the fact that the choice of text-books in Italy is assigned to the provincial councils, he remarks that when the same question arose in France in 1874, the decision was in favor of centralization. On the subject of female education M. Hippeau has some very encouraging chapters. He cannot praise too highly the zeal, aptitude, and proficiency shown by girls in their studies; he can even say: "The question has been asked in Italy, as it has often enough been with us [in France], How is it that the young men who have finished their classical training are as a rule much poorer writers than girls who have had a much less complete and learned education?" He hopefully anticipates the increase of woman teachers after the pattern of the United States; already there are sixty-four normal schools for them to forty for male teachers. M. Hippeau refers also to the instrumentality of the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh in introducing the kindergarten into Italy, and to the services of the late Mrs. Emily B. Gould and "une riche demoiselle de Boston" in enabling it to take root. But we cannot go further into this interesting work, which is the fourth in a series already embracing the United States, England, and Germany, and which will be still further enlarged by this sincere and able writer.

—When a volume is introduced by a sketch on its cover from the pencil of M. J. G. Vibert and by a preface from the pen of M. Théodore Barrière it claims some degree of consideration. '*Les Soirées Parisiennes*' (Paris: Dentu; New York: F. W. Christern) is a collected reprint of the amusing theatrical gossip contributed to the *Figaro* by M. Arnold Mortier under the name of "Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre." It is gossip, and nothing else; light, bright, unpretentious, and enlivened by a wit which, while it never rises to the fineness of Attic salt, never sinks to the coarseness of *sel gaulois*. The volume is neatly printed, and its merit is enhanced by an index of proper names, facilitating the immediate finding of any of the many pertinent anecdotes with which it abounds. The most amusing chapter is a very comic and quasi-macaronic account in Franco-Italian of the first appearance in Paris of the Italian tragedian, Signor Ernesto Rossi. We learn from the description (p. 65) of the first ball given in the new Opéra that American

soda-water ("d'excellents sodas glacés à l'américaine") has already been introduced into the magnificent monument of M. Garnier. This shows rapid progress on the part of the Parisians, for it is only nine years since they had their first taste of this delectable beverage at the American restaurant in the Exhibition of 1867.

WILLIAM GODWIN.*

HOW many of our readers have perused a chapter of 'Political Justice'? Probably not ten. Is there any man living whose mode of thought or views of life are influenced by the writings of William Godwin? We venture to assert that there is not a single such person on either side of the Atlantic. Yet 'Political Justice' was once the book of the day. It was as well-known in its time as is now Mill's 'Liberty' or Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' It was admired. It was criticised. It was attacked. Young men read it with enthusiasm. Their elders denounced it with vehemence. The Ministry debated whether or not to prosecute its author; and not the public only, but authors whose names will live as long as the literature of England is studied, considered Godwin a man who, whether to be praised or to be abused, had made his mark in the history of speculation, and might be expected to occupy a place equal to that which has, as a matter of fact, been filled with such theorists as Bentham or Coleridge or Rousseau. Mr. Kegan Paul even now asserts that 'Political Justice' "may take its place with the 'Speech for Unlicensed Printing,' the 'Essay on Education,' and 'Émile,' among the unseen levers which have moved the changes of the times." If by these words be meant that the book should take rank among the highest class of speculative writings, Mr. Paul has, judging even by his own account of Godwin's performance, let the partiality of a biographer blunt the acuteness of a sound critic. But if the expressions cited merely mean that Godwin exerted at one period great influence over contemporary opinion, Mr. Paul's admirable life fully proves the truth of his assertion. Persons of the most different sentiments may be called as witnesses to the effect of Godwin's writings. Coleridge, Grattan, Curran, Horne Tooke, Parr, Wedgwood, and Lamb were each proud to consider Godwin their friend, and Godwin's very defects made it impossible for any man to share his friendship who did not admit the philosopher to a position of the most absolute intellectual and moral equality. A short sentence from a letter of Coleridge tells more of the place held by Godwin than could be gathered from volumes of eulogy: "In Bristol I was much with Davy, almost all day; he always talks of you with great affection. . . . If I settle at Keswick, he will be with me in the fall of the year, and so meet you. And let me tell you, Godwin, four such men as you, I, Davy, and Wordsworth do not meet together in one house every day of the year. I mean, four men so distinct, with so many sympathies."

The attacks of opponents are as strong a proof of celebrity as the admiration of followers, and this mark of fame was not wanting to Godwin. Mackintosh, in his celebrated lectures, attacked Godwinian doctrines with a directness at which the sensitive vanity of their author took offence. Parr denounced from the pulpit the teaching of a writer whose friendship was compromising to the reputation of a liberal ecclesiastic. Samuel Newton had been Godwin's tutor, and valued him as a pupil and disciple. He also sympathized with the reformer's political views; but the publication of 'Political Justice' compelled the Calvinistic divine to break off connection with his pupil. The letters of Newton are, it must be owned, creditable to the Independent minister. Their tone is in two respects remarkable. They display unfeigned respect for Godwin's abilities; they also show keen sympathy with Godwin's political views. "In the perusal," writes Newton, "of your book, I was charmed with your language and with many of your sentiments, and with your general idea of political justice and liberty. I said there were some descriptions, reasonings, and ideas which, for simplicity, for elegance, force, and utility . . . surpass all that I have ever read in Tacitus, Polybius, Montesquieu," etc., etc. The whole tone, in short, of Newton's criticism savors of 1793, when men of the sternest orthodoxy could yet glow with the feeling that a "torrent of political light" was "pouring in upon an oppressed world." Nor must the most famous of Godwin's critics be forgotten. 'Political Justice' will be remembered, long after it has ceased to be read, by the fact that it occasioned the publication by Malthus of his treatise on population.

Godwin was, in short, confessed by the voice both of enemies and of foes to have written the book of the day, and to have by one great effort placed himself among the foremost writers of his generation. Yet despite this testimony to his reputation, his name and his works are now unknown to

* William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries. By C. Kegan Paul. London: Henry S. King & Co.; Boston: Roberts Bros.

the mass of Englishmen. Nor is the failure on his part to make an impression on the modern world due to the lapse of time. Bentham was born in 1748 and died in 1831. He may therefore well pass as a contemporary with Godwin, whose life extended from 1756 to 1836. Yet Bentham's works are still alive. Every branch of English law bears traces of his ideas of reform, and all English speculations in the field of ethics or of jurisprudence are affected, by way either of attraction or of repulsion, by his theories. Coleridge belonged to a somewhat younger generation; but Coleridge has produced an effect on modern English thought unlike anything which can be attributed to the author of 'Caleb Williams.' It is vain to urge as an explanation of Godwin's failure that his method of thought and expression is old-fashioned. The same might be said of Butler. Yet Butler is read, and even the supercilious "Zeitgeist" deigns to criticise his errors. The fallacies of 'Political Justice' have long ceased to receive the compliment of refutation. Godwin, indeed, was "buried" long before he died. By the beginning of the century his renown had waned. Twenty years later, he attracted to his side enthusiastic spirits like Shelley, who rightly admired his dauntless honesty and his noble public spirit, but overrated his originality and logical powers. One disciple was born to him at the very close of his life. Bulwer received at the opening of his career the blessing of the patriarch of English republicanism. The connection between the two men is characteristic. Godwin read with "transport" the pages of 'Paul Clifford,' and wept over the theatrical benevolence which poured forth sympathy over the woes of a gentlemanlike highwayman. Bulwer in return gazed with probably sincere reverence on a democrat of the study, whose abstract speculations had never been tested by any attempt to apply them to the politics of ordinary life.

As readers of Mr. Paul's admirable biography meditate on Godwin's career, the question presents itself, What is the explanation of Godwin's temporary celebrity and of his utter failure to achieve lasting renown or to maintain permanent influence? Is it that his contemporaries were utterly mistaken in their estimate of his powers, or that the present generation have ungratefully forgotten the services of an original thinker? Neither suggestion completely hits the mark. The knowledge of Godwin supplied by his biographer—and it is on this basis that the criticism contained in the present article rests—is sufficient to show that neither were men like Coleridge and Lamb utterly mistaken in their judgment, nor is the present age unjust in refusing to Godwin the fame conceded to many of his friends. He possessed considerable gifts. His natural logical acumen had been sharpened by his training as a Calvinistic divine. His style was lucid and impressive. His intellect, though narrow, was not devoid of strength; his moral character, though wanting in breadth, was distinguished by intense earnestness and absolute honesty. Markedly deficient in originality and humor, he seized with intensity and expressed with clearness the democratic ideas of the time. He was exactly fitted to be the exponent of "extreme" rather than of advanced views. A student of Rousseau and Helvetius, he reproduced their ideas with the fervor of conviction and in the unmodified form which they naturally assumed in the writings of a logician who drew out of every premiss its most extreme conclusions, unhampered by the knowledge of men or the experience of life. He knew more of teaching than of any other profession, and was a successful though severe pedagogue; yet when he wrote on education he forgot every dictate of experience. "No creature in human form will be expected" in the model state "to learn anything but because he desires it and has some conception of its utility, and every man in proportion to his capacity will be ready to furnish such general hints and comprehensive views as will suffice for the guidance . . . of him who studies from a principle of desire." The writer who, having once taught any human being, could believe that a child should not be taught the "rule of three" till the young gentleman studies it from a principle of desire, exhibits the sternness of his logic but also gives the measure of his incapacity for testing theory by the facts of experience. One is not surprised to find that the writer of such a sentence constantly trusted to argument in cases where he ought to have trusted to sense, that he wished to reason away differences with his friends which arose from essential incompatibility of character, pronounced all laws bad and the law of marriage the worst of laws, and thereupon not only went through the marriage ceremony like any ordinary mortal, but expended a great deal of useless labor in the attempt to prove that his conduct exactly conformed to his theory.

This intense belief in logic, which is the palpable weakness of Godwin's intellect, contributed in no small degree to his immediate success. It made him the very type of what may be termed "extreme thinkers"—that is, thinkers who carry to their very extreme point views which, as the saying goes, "are in the air." Such men have a twofold immediate ad-

vantage. They are in reality the exponents of the current thought of their age, but they seem to themselves and others to be in advance of it. They derive their strength from real sympathy with the sentiment of their age, combined with a delusive appearance of anticipating the thoughts of the future. The position of Godwin may be best understood by comparison with that of a modern writer whose temporary fame was at least equal to the reputation of the author of 'Political Justice.' Mr. Buckle darted like Godwin into sudden reputation. The 'History of Civilization' seemed to many who read it eighteen years ago a revelation. It was the work of a thinker who, devoid of originality, expressed with perfect good faith and with considerable force some few of the predominant sentiments of his time. But even the most ardent admirer will now admit that the name of Buckle will soon be as completely forgotten as that of Godwin. Each author has failed of permanent influence from the same cause. Each was the honest exponent of some of the sentiments of his age. The sentiment changes, and the man who has given it expression thereupon loses his power. If any one wishes to see the difference between a theorist who merely holds extreme views and a writer who to a certain extent looks forward to the future, he should read the extracts given by Mr. Paul from Mary Wollstonecraft's 'Rights of Women.' Did we know nothing of the book but Mr. Paul's extracts, the one passage on female education would show that Godwin's wife had, whatever her intellectual defects, that touch of genius or insight denied to her husband.

But though Godwin's influence is dead, Godwin well deserved the fame which may be given him by the present excellent biography. It is appropriately called 'William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries.' It is from his connection with men and women of genius and originality that his memory will live. He must have been one of the most trying of friends, but he certainly was one of the truest. He revived in the modern world that high classical estimate of friendship which, unfortunately, is nearly forgotten. Akin to his devotion to his friends was his infinite sympathy with the intellectual wants and desires of young men. There is something noble in the zeal with which, to the very end of his life, Godwin devoted himself to the young. If he had the faults he had also the virtues of a schoolmaster. He was an affectionate father, but even in his dealings with his daughters he gives way to an affectation of stoical composure which betrays the pedantry of his intellect and conceals the warmth of his feeling. But in his treatment of young men he displays a wisdom, a magnanimity and calmness, which justify the admiration of youthful pupils for a revered teacher. The following reflections on the Revolution are striking as coming from Godwin and as being addressed to Shelley. The latter had urged with bitterness that nothing had been done "within these last twenty years," and Godwin replies by pointing to the irreparable evil which impatience had done to the cause of progress. "It is not after this fashion that moral causes work in the eye of him who looks profoundly through the vast and, allow me to add, venerable machine of human society. But so reasoned the French Revolutionists. Auspicious and admirable materials were working in the general mind of France. But these men said, as you say: 'When we look on the last twenty years, we are seized with a sort of moral scepticism; we must own that we are eager that something should be done'—and see what has been the result of their doings! He that would benefit mankind on a comprehensive scale, by changing the principle and elements of society, must learn the hard lesson to put off self and to contribute by a quiet but incessant activity, like a rill of water, to irrigate and fertilize the intellectual soil." This and similar passages from letters to young men explain how Godwin, after he had survived much of his reputation and many of his contemporaries, lived and deserved to live in the reverence of his friends.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.*

AS a brief discussion was carried on in these pages some months since touching the merits of the writer whose name we have prefixed to these lines, it may not be amiss to introduce him to some of those readers who must have observed the contest with little more than a vague sense of the strangeness of its subject. Charles Baudelaire is not a novelty in literature; his principal work dates from 1857, and his career terminated a few years later. But his admirers have made a classic of him and elevated him to the rank of one of those subjects which are always in order. Even if we differ with them on this point, such attention as Baudelaire demands will not lead us very much astray. He is not, in quantity (whatever he may have been in quality), a formidable writer; having died young, he was not

* 'Les Fleurs du Mal.' Par Charles Baudelaire. Précedé d'une Notice par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Michel Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern. 1875.

prolific, and the most noticeable of his original productions are contained in two small volumes.

His celebrity began with the publication of 'Les Fleurs du Mal,' a collection of verses some of which had already appeared in periodicals. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* had taken the responsibility of introducing a few of them to the world—or rather, though it held them at the baptismal font of public opinion, it declined to stand godfather. An accompanying note in the *Revue* disclaimed all editorial approval of their morality. This of course procured them a good many readers; and when, on its appearance, the volume we have mentioned was overhauled by the police, a still greater number of persons desired to possess it. Yet in spite of the service rendered him by the censorship, Baudelaire has never become in any degree popular; the lapse of twenty years has seen but five editions of 'Les Fleurs du Mal.' The foremost feeling of the reader of the present day will be one of surprise, and even amusement, at Baudelaire's audacities having provoked this degree of scandal. The world has travelled fast since then, and the French censorship must have been, in the year 1857, in a very prudish mood. There is little in 'Les Fleurs du Mal' to make the reader of either French or English prose and verse of the present day even open his eyes. We have passed through the fiery furnace and profited by experience. We are like Racine's heroine, who had

"Su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais."

Baudelaire's verses do not strike us as being dictated by a spirit of bravado—though we have heard that, in talk, it was his habit, to an even tiresome degree, to cultivate the quietly outrageous—to pile up monstrosities and blasphemies without winking, and with the air of uttering proper commonplaces.

'Les Fleurs du Mal' is evidently a sincere book—so far as anything for a man of Baudelaire's temper and culture could be sincere. Sincerity seems to us to belong to a range of qualities with which Baudelaire and his friends were but scantily conversant. His great quality was an inordinate cultivation of the sense of the picturesque, and his care was for how things looked, and whether some kind of imaginative amusement was not to be got out of them, much more than for what they meant and whither they led, and what was their use in human life at large. The later editions of 'Les Fleurs du Mal' (with some of the interdicted pieces still omitted and others, we believe, restored) contain a long preface by Théophile Gautier, which throws a curious side-light upon what the Spiritualist newspapers would call Baudelaire's "mentality." Of course Baudelaire is not to be held accountable for what Gautier says of him, but we cannot help judging a man in some degree by the company he keeps. To admire Gautier is certainly excellent taste, but to be admired by Gautier we cannot but regard as rather compromising. He gives a magnificently picturesque account of the author of 'Les Fleurs du Mal,' in which, indeed, the question of pure veracity is evidently so very subordinate that it seems grossly ill-natured for us to appeal to such a standard. While we are reading him, however, we find ourselves wishing that Baudelaire's analogy with him were either greater or less. Gautier was perfectly sincere, because he dealt only with the picturesque, and pretended to care only for appearances. But Baudelaire (who, to our mind, was an altogether inferior genius to Gautier) applied the same process of interpretation to things as regards which it was altogether inadequate; so that one is constantly tempted to suppose he cares more for his process—for making grotesquely-pictorial verse—than for the things themselves. On the whole, as we have said, this inference would be unfair. Baudelaire had a certain groping sense of the moral complexities of life, and if the best that he succeeds in doing is to drag them down into the very turbid element in which he himself plashes and flounders, and there present them to us much besmirched and bespattered, this was not a want of goodwill in him, but rather a dulness and permanent immaturity of vision. For American readers, furthermore, Baudelaire is compromised by his having made himself the apostle of our own Edgar Poe. He translated, very carefully and exactly, all of Poe's prose writings, and, we believe, some of his very valueless verses. With all due respect to the very original genius of the author of the 'Tales of Mystery,' it seems to us that to take him with more than a certain degree of seriousness is to lack seriousness one's self. An enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection. Baudelaire thought him a profound philosopher, the neglect of whose golden utterances stamped his native land with infamy. Nevertheless, Poe was vastly the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the greater genius.

'Les Fleurs du Mal' was a very happy title for Baudelaire's verses, but it is not altogether a just one. Scattered flowers incontestably do bloom in the quaking swamps of evil, and the poet who does not mind encountering bad odors in his pursuit of sweet ones is quite at liberty to go in search of

them. But Baudelaire has, as a general thing, not plucked the flowers—he has plucked the evil-smelling weeds (we take it that he did not use the word flowers in a purely ironical sense), and he has often taken up mere cupfuls of mud and bog-water. He had said to himself that it was a great shame that the realm of evil and unclean things should be fenced off from the domain of poetry; that it was full of subjects, of chances and effects; that it had its light and shade, its logic and its mystery; and that there was the making of some capital verses in it. So he leaped the barrier, and was soon immersed in it up to his neck. Baudelaire's imagination was of a melancholy and sinister kind, and, to a considerable extent, this plunging into darkness and dirt was doubtless very spontaneous and disinterested. But he strikes us on the whole as passionless, and this, in view of the unquestionable pluck and acuteness of his fancy, is a great pity. He knew evil not by experience, not as something within himself, but by contemplation and curiosity, as something outside of himself, by which his own intellectual agility was not in the least discomposed, rather, indeed (as we say his fancy was of a dusky cast), agreeably flattered and stimulated. In the former case, Baudelaire, with his other gifts, might have been a great poet. But, as it is, evil for him begins outside and not inside, and consists primarily of a great deal of lurid landscape and unclean furniture. This is an almost ludicrously puerile view of the matter. Evil is represented as an affair of blood and carrion and physical sickness—there must be stinking corpses and starving prostitutes and empty laudanum bottles in order that the poet shall be effectively inspired.

A good way to embrace Baudelaire at a glance is to say that he was, in his treatment of evil, exactly what Hawthorne was not—Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the human consciousness. Baudelaire's infinitely slighter volume of genius apart, he was a sort of Hawthorne reversed. It is the absence of this metaphysical quality in his treatment of his favorite subjects (Poe was his metaphysician, and his devotion sustained him through a translation of 'Eureka!') which exposes him to that class of accusations of which M. Edmond Schérer's talk about his feeding upon *pourriture* is an example; and, in fact, in his pages we never know with what we are dealing. We encounter an inextricable confusion of sad emotions and vile things, and we are at a loss to know whether the subject pretends to appeal to our conscience or—we were going to say—to our olfactories. "*Le Mal!*" we exclaim; "you do yourself too much honor. This is not Evil: it is not the wrong; it is simply the nasty!" Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should feel if a poet, pretending to pluck "the flowers of good," should come and present us, as specimens, a rhapsody on plum-cake and on cologne-water. Independently of the question of his subjects, the charm of Baudelaire's verse is often of a very high order. He belongs to the class of geniuses in whom we ourselves find but a limited pleasure—the laborious, deliberate, economical writers, those who fumble a long time in their pockets before they bring out their hand with a coin in the palm. But the coin, when Baudelaire at last produced it, was often of a high value. He had an extraordinary verbal instinct and an exquisite felicity of epithet. We cannot help wondering, however, at Gautier's extreme admiration for his endowment in this direction; it is the admiration of the writer who flows for the writer who trickles. In one point Baudelaire is extremely remarkable—in his talent for suggesting associations. His epithets seem to have come out of old cupboards and pockets; they have a kind of magical mustiness. Moreover, his natural sense of the superficial picturesqueness of the miserable and the unclean was extremely acute; there may be a difference of opinion as to the advantage of possessing such a sense; but whatever it is worth, Baudelaire had it in a high degree. One of his poems—"To a red-haired Beggar Girl"—is a masterpiece in the way of graceful expression of this high relish of what is shameful:

"Pour moi, poète chétif,
Ton jeune corps maladif,
Plein de taches de rousseur,
A sa douceur."

Baudelaire repudiated with indignation the charge that he was what is called a realist, and he was doubtless right in doing so. He had too much fancy to adhere strictly to the real; he always embroiders and elaborates and endeavors to impart that touch of strangeness and mystery which is the very *raison d'être* of poetry. Baudelaire was a poet, and for a poet to be a realist is of course nonsense. The idea which Baudelaire imported into his theme was, as a general thing, an intensification of its repulsiveness, but it was at any rate ingenious. When he makes an invocation to "*la Débauche aux bras immondes*," one may be sure he means more by it than is evident to the vulgar—he means, that is, an intenser perversity. Occasionally he treats agreeable subjects, and his least sympathetic critics must make a point of admitting that his most successful poem is also his most wholesome

and most touching: we allude to "Les Petites Vieilles"—a really masterly production. But if it represents the author's maximum, it is a note which he very rarely struck.

Baudelaire, of course, is a capital text for a discussion of the question as to the importance of the morality—or of the subject-matter in general—of a work of art; for he offers a rare combination of technical zeal and patience and of vicious sentiment. But even if we had space to enter upon such a discussion, we should spare our words, for argument on this point wears to our sense a simply ridiculous aspect. To deny the relevancy of subject-matter and the importance of the moral quality of a work of art strikes us as, in two words, ineffably puerile. We do not know what the great moralists would say about the matter—they would probably treat it very good-humoredly; but that is not the question. There is very little doubt what the great artists would say. These geniuses feel that the whole thinking man is one, and that to count out the moral element in one's appreciation of an artistic total is exactly as sane as it would be (if the total is a poem) to eliminate all the words in three syllables, or to consider only such portions of it as were written by candlelight. The crudity of sentiment of the advocates of "art for art" is often a striking example of the fact that a great deal of what is called culture may fail to dissipate a well-seated provincialism of spirit. They talk of morality as Miss Edgeworth's infantine heroes and heroines talk of "physic"—they allude to its being put in and kept out of a work of art, put in and kept out of one's appreciation of the same, as if it were a colored fluid kept in a big-labelled bottle in some mysterious intellectual closet. It is in reality simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration—it has nothing to do with the artistic process, and it has everything to do with the artistic effect. The more a work of art feels it at its source, the richer it is; the less it feels it, the poorer it is. People of a large taste prefer rich works to poor ones, and they are not inclined to assent to the assumption that the process is the whole work. We are safe in believing that all this is comfortably clear to most of those who have, in any degree, been initiated into art by production. For them the subject is as much a part of their work as their hunger is a part of their dinner. Baudelaire was not so far from being of this way of thinking as some of his admirers would persuade us; yet we may say on the whole that he was the victim of a grotesque illusion. He tried to make fine verses on ignoble subjects, and in our opinion he signally failed. He gives, as a poet, a perpetual impression of discomfort and pain. He went in search of corruption, and the ill-conditioned jade proved a thankless muse. The thinking reader, feeling himself, as a critic, all one, as we have said, finds the beauty perverted by the ugliness. What the poet wished, doubtless, was to seem to be always in the poetic attitude; what the reader sees is a gentleman in a painful-looking posture, staring very hard at a mass of things from which we more intelligently avert our heads.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.*

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL was by far the most widely-known philosopher of his day in England. His works were of the kind likely to command attention, and from the time of his discovery of *Uranus* in 1781 until his death in 1822 his fame was known of all men. It is somewhat singular in view of these facts that probably there is not a great name in English science of which so little is known in the way of biographical details. Several sketches of his life are extant, notably the *Éloges* of Fourier and Arago, but these are quite unsatisfactory. There is even no collection of his complete works in English, a want which is severely felt, and, so far as we know, there is only one complete collection of his papers and memoirs, and this was made after his death by his son and presented to the elder Struve at Pulkova.

Students of his wonderful series of memoirs in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of the Royal Society of London could acquire a knowledge of his scientific life and development; but it has seemed until lately that the time had gone by to expect a true history of the man himself, based on those intimate and personal details which are known only to a generation which has passed away. The life is not yet written; but it is fortunate that we now have in the memoirs of his youngest sister Caroline, who from the very commencement of his astronomical activity was his constant assistant and intimate companion, a series of the most familiar letters and a diary of daily events as well as fragments of recollections which cover the most important years of his life. It is not only that these memoirs are of interest in relation to the history of Herschel himself, but they give to the

world a new friend in the person of Caroline Herschel, a friend of whom it would not willingly remain ignorant.

The Herschel family lived in Hanover in mean circumstances; the father, a musician of some note, was in the band of the Guards, and he trained his sons to be musicians like himself, so that in 1755, when the Guards were ordered to England, the father and his sons, Jacob and William, went with them. William was at this time seventeen years old, and his sister Caroline, who was left in Hanover, was but five. After their return to Hanover in 1757 the health of William was so poor that it was decided to "remove him" from the service.* This having been accomplished with some difficulty, William Herschel soon found himself (1772) established at Bath as organist to the Octagon Chapel. Here he led an active and successful life, composing anthems, chants, and whole services for the choir under his management, but devoting every spare moment of the day and many hours stolen from the night to the study of languages and of astronomy.

In the midst of his busy life at Bath, his sister joined him, sharing with him his manifold pursuits, copying the scores of oratorios for an orchestra of one hundred performers, aiding him in the making of reflecting-telescopes, singing in concerts under his direction, and now, as always, devoted heart and soul to all that could advance his cause or make him happy. In 1781 William Herschel discovered a new planet, Georgium Sidus, and from that moment his life was entirely devoted to astronomy. He gave up his lucrative calling at Bath, and became Royal Astronomer, on a salary of £200 a year, and, after a short residence at Datchet and Clay Hall, he finally settled at Slough, near Windsor, which was his home for the remainder of his life. Here he lived in his observatory, with his faithful sister as his assistant, and to the activity of these years his long series of classic memoirs bears witness. As Arago says: "We may confidently assert, relative to the little house and garden of Slough, that it is the spot of all the world where the greatest number of discoveries has been made. The name of that village will never die; science will transmit it religiously to the latest posterity." All that is known of him henceforth is learned through his sister's letters and diary. He was constant in "minding the heavens," observing, as was his constant habit, "every night until daybreak," and only leaving his work for a few weeks in summer and to go to the Royal Society meetings. Even then he was only absent on the moonlight nights when his work would not suffer by the interruption.

In every way his sister Caroline was his constant helper; it was she who recorded the results of his sweeps—who stood, note-book in hand, by the clock to reduce his observations to writing. It was she who copied them out in full on the succeeding day, bringing order out of what would otherwise have been chaos. In the intervals of work she had her own comet-sweeper, with which she independently discovered eight comets. The Royal Society published two of her communications, and she was named Assistant Astronomer by the King, and granted a salary; yet her modest estimate of her own performance never changes: "My only reason for saying so much of myself is to show with what miserable assistance my brother made shift to obtain the means of exploring the heavens." And again: "I did nothing for my brother but what a well-trained puppy-dog would have done. I was a mere tool that he had the trouble of sharpening." As Lady Herschel says of her: "One all-sufficing reward sweetened her labors—I had the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavors in assisting him." Under the influence of his inspiring example, she acquired ardor and enthusiasm as a habit, and in her old age she writes to her nephew, Sir John Herschel, when she hears of his proposed journey to the Cape of Good Hope: "Ja! if I was thirty or forty years younger, and could go too? in Gottes namen!"

She contented herself for many years after her brother's death in her old home in Hanover as well as she could, pining all the while for something, she hardly knew what. Learned societies honored her with their membership, and the work of her declining years, a complete reduction of all the nebulae observations made at Slough, was rewarded by the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. In all this she retained her simplicity—"What is that for?" was her question to every new honor. Her delight was to hear of the astronomical work doing in the world, and to see the men who were doing it. She had always the greatest incredulity as to the performance of Lord Rosse's great reflector: "It was not like the forty-foot," her brother's masterpiece.

Lady Herschel has done the world a service in giving it these letters, and no one can put them down without feeling that he has looked on the inner recesses of a noble life.

* * Memoir and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel. By Mrs. John Herschel. With portraits. London: John Murray; New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

* Thus in the Memoirs. Sir George Airy, however, in a letter to the Academy, says that he learned from the late Duke of Sussex that it was a case of desertion, which was formally pardoned by the king at Herschel's first interview with him.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

THE two articles in the current number of the *North American* of most general interest are Mr. Wells's on local taxation, and Mr. Lewis H. Morgan's on "Montezuma's Dinner." Taxation, as Mr. Wells observes, has only since the war taken up much of the thoughts and time of the American public. Only one work of any importance relating to local taxation was published in the United States down to 1870. Since that time this branch of literature has been steadily growing. That there should be a steady increase of interest in this subject is not remarkable, when we recollect that the system of taxation generally in vogue in this country is so antique and barbarous that in other civilized nations it has long since been out of date. No such system is in use in Great Britain or France or Germany, and, curiously enough, even in this country, in the case of taxes for the General Government, there is an approximation to a civilized scheme, while in local taxation the time-honored practice of taxing everything—persons, property, debts, and credits, wherever they can be found—is still kept up; and, by the help of inquisitorial processes handed down from the Middle Ages, and the free exercise of the sovereign right of confiscation, the tax-gatherer ekes out ways and means to carry on the State and town and city governments. Mr. Wells, in searching for some parallel system to ours, is unable to find any short of that which was in existence in France a hundred years before the Revolution, and which then led to such unpleasant consequences. It will probably surprise Mr. Thomas Hills—the faithful Boston patriot who goes on year after year proving to his own satisfaction, if to nobody else's, that the plan of making everything out of which a tax can be squeezed pay a tax is the only fair and just one, that taxes on mortgages are not double taxes, and that taxes are paid not by the consumer but by the person to whom they are assessed—to learn that a system very much like his, and supportable only by such theories as his, caused such dissatisfaction and "unpleasant feeling" in France a hundred years ago that most of the persons concerned in the collection of the taxes were driven out of the kingdom, the government upset, the king and queen beheaded, and such a disturbance in general created that Europe hardly recovered from it after twenty years of bloody warfare. There is, to be sure, no reason to apprehend bloodshed in this country or a popular demand for the head of Mr. Thomas Hills, for there are important differences between our system of local taxation and that of France under the old régime. The taxes then were in general commutations in money for some feudal personal services, and bore with frightful weight upon a country in which the feudal system was really a thing of the past, and in which the subject got no longer any return either for services or their money equivalent. In our case the barbarous system we insist upon is simply the result of popular ignorance and inattention, in a country in which the people themselves determine both how much they will be taxed and how the money shall be raised.

Mr. Morgan, in his paper on "Montezuma's Dinner," goes over ground that is familiar to every child who has gloated over the fairy tales of the Spanish conquest of Mexico in the pages of Robertson and his successors, and undertakes to show that from the day when Cortes landed down to the day of the publication of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States," there has been a total misconception and misrepresentation of the condition of civilization which the Spaniards found in Mexico. Mr. Morgan, the author of a learned work on "Systems of Consanguinity," approaches the subject as an ethnologist, and first asks, not what do the Spaniards, fond as they were of bombast and extravagance and anxious as they must have been to magnify their own exploits, say they found in Mexico, but what was it antecedently possible that they could find there? If ethnology gives an answer to this question, we shall clearly be in a position to weigh the Spanish evidence, and determine what part of it is probably true or what untrue. Now, ethnology does give us the answer we need, for it explains that the Aztecs were simply Indians who had raised themselves to a higher level of barbarism—not civilization—than the other tribes; that they must have had a family, gentile, and tribal organization; that they lived in a community, that they had one communal meal a day; and that there is not the remotest possibility that they can have had anything like a European court, with a king and nobles and retainers. The materials out of which the chroniclers have constructed their marvelous tales of Montezuma's court were simply these: A confederacy of Indian tribes, with chiefs at the head, living in communities, or as Mr. Morgan calls them joint-tenement houses, and having in each house one common meal. It is certainly creditable to the human imagination that on this slender superstructure should have been reared an edifice in which (we follow Mr. Bancroft) "from sunrise to sunset . . . six hundred noble-

men and gentlemen . . . passed their time (in the antechambers) lounging about and discussing the gossip of the day in low tones," while the outer courts were filled with "retainers" to the number of two or three thousand; in which we find goblets of gold and silver, elaborate dinners made by "cunning cooks," chafing-dishes, "four hundred pages of noble birth," a "steward," "aged lords," and a great quantity of other feudal properties and characters that would have seemed to the democratic Aztecs rather out of place.

Mr. Charles Hale, formerly Consul-General of the United States, contributes a paper on the Consular System of the United States. This branch of the public service is almost the only one which has been taken "out of politics"—an act of Congress providing against removals except for cause. *A priori*, we might expect to find the following results: small salaries and rigid supervision of expenses, faithfulness and skill in the service itself, and a disposition in Congress, whenever bent on economy, to cut down the Consular Appropriation Bill, in a rage of virtue. We find all these things in actual practice. The Consular service is, perhaps, the least expensive branch of the Government; twenty years ago there was an annual deficiency of a hundred and forty thousand dollars to be provided for; now there is an actual surplus of a hundred and forty-eight thousand; a comparison with the British service, the only one with which any comparison can be made, shows ours to be self-supporting, while the English Government finds an annual deficiency of \$600,000 to be met. This might show either that England pays too much, or that we pay too little, but there is independent evidence that the latter alternative is probably the correct explanation. The salaries we pay are decidedly small, none being over \$6,000; there are only seven posts which yield more than \$4,000; while all the fees collected by salaried consuls are returned into the Treasury, and the remainder barely support the consuls who have no salaries. But besides this the allowances for clerk-hire and office-rent are made on a scale that in some cases may be called parsimonious, the law requiring, also, for every item regular vouchers:

"There is an infinity of detail involving expense to a consul for which no provision is now made, often in matters insignificant in themselves and not pleasant to talk about." For instance, no American citizen who has occasion to visit a consulate abroad, likes to see the windows dirty and the floor covered with filth. But who does he suppose ought to have washed the windows or swept out the office in the morning? The Government does not allow a cent for any such expense. It would appear to be the theory of the Government that the consul should wash his own windows and sweep his own office, on Jefferson's principle, that one is sure a thing is well done when he does it himself. Even clerk-hire is allowed but at few places; a charge for anything like a porter or messenger would startle the accounting officers at Washington like Oliver Twist's demand for a second helping of soup. So, also, the visiting citizen is probably pleased to find the consular office warmed in winter; and if it is open in the evening (as very many are kept open for the convenience of travellers, or at certain times, at seaports, for the convenience of shipmasters) it ought to be lighted; but no allowance for fuel or lights would pass in an account. Prior to 1852, indeed, consuls were expected to pay themselves for the paper on which they wrote their despatches and the pens with which they wrote them. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), in his amusing account of his experiences as consul at Venice, attributes the allowance by the Government of charges for official stationery to Mr. Edward Everett's brief term of service as Secretary of State. But even now the consul must pay for the table on which he places his inkstand and paper, and (if not for the chair in which he sits himself) for the chairs in which the people sit who come to see him on business. Bookcases are the only articles of office furniture allowed to consular officers at Government expense; and of these only one at a time. We have known of consuls ingenious enough to construct a plan of a bookcase that would also serve as a table or desk to write upon; but to make a set of chairs of any article that could be vouched for as a bookcase we believe has baffled even consular ingenuity."

It may be seen from this, not what would be the effect upon the consular system of a thoroughgoing reform of the civil service, but what is the actual effect of having a civil service generally unreformed, with here and there a little bit like the one in question removed from the influence of patronage and rotation. The politicians proper, or rather the demagogues in Congress, look upon it as a sort of *corpus vile* upon which any experiment in the way of retrenchment and "lightening the burdens of taxation" may be made, and accordingly we find the Democrats now engaged in an attack on the consuls, who, so far from being wasteful or extravagant, are now actually doing what very few of its other servants are—making money for the Government.

"Dr. Cutler and the Ordinance of 1787" is not a very attractive title for an historical article, inasmuch as the reader has never perhaps heard of Dr. Manasseh Cutler, and has heard or thinks he has heard once too often the sounding of the praises of that monument of statesmanship, the Ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio River. But Mr. William Frederick Poole contrives to give new interest to it

well-worn subject, though what he has to tell is not wholly new. Readers of the 'History of Athens County, Ohio,' know that the Ordinance (which was taken almost bodily from the Massachusetts constitution) was not the work of Thomas Jefferson, nor yet of Nathan Dane, who gained the credit of it from being one of the committee which drafted it, but of Dr. Manasseh Cutler of Ipswich, Massachusetts, a doctor of law, of divinity and medicine, a member of many learned societies, an astronomer and botanist of no mean rank, a friend of Franklin and Rush, and withal, as appears by his success with the Continental Congress, an accomplished lobbyist and what would now be called a "promoter" of enterprises. The passage of the Ordinance had its origin in a land speculation got up by Dr. Cutler and his friends, their object being to induce the Government to sell them a quantity of Western lands in exchange for depreciated Government paper, of which there was at the close of the Revolution a glut in the market. The Government had an obvious interest in having the lands opened and the paper required, while on the other hand the scheme must have promised very considerable profits. Dr. Cutler went in person to New York, pushed the Ordinance through a committee which he appears to have got appointed himself, and finally, with the aid of the Southern States, through Congress. In this way the Southerners were the means of adding to the Union the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, prohibiting slavery within their limits by the terms of the Ordinance, and so, without meaning it, creating the basis for the growth of a power at the West which was necessarily to end in the doom of slavery in its own home.

Besides the book-notices (which contain two interesting reviews of Tyn-dall on 'Sound' and Darwin's 'Insectivorous Plants'), the present number of the *Review* also has an article by Isaac F. Redfield on Chief-Justice Chase which, if it had appeared anywhere else, we should have said was unmitigated twaddle. Unfortunately for the writer (though fortunately for the other contributors), the principle *noscitur a sociis* does not necessarily apply in the case of contributors to quarterly reviews.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White, with Notes by Frank Buckland; A Chapter on Antiquities by Lord Selborne; and New Letters. Illustrated by P. H. Delamotte. (New York: Macmillan. 1875. 8vo.)—That books have their fates is an old saw that lacks not for modern illustration. In English literature there are two that have had a fortune of their own, setting them apart from all others and conferring immortality upon them in spite of all likelihood and expectation. These are Walton's 'Compleat Angler' and White's 'Natural History of Selborne.' Both have found readers and lovers far beyond the narrow circle of adepts, and of both one edition treads close upon the heels of another. We can recall no books in any language precisely similar that give us Nature unsophisticated as yet with metaphysics, no mysterious mother, but a companion, and Science with so agreeable an infusion of the author's personal qualities as to bring it within the easy reach of human sympathy. These two men had the luck or the wit to stand as children at the knees of Wisdom, and to feel a pure delight in simple things without preaching it. They profess no special goodness of heart, but we cannot be long in their company without being sure that it is the base of character in both. Their books have the same hypæthral charm, the same confidingness of personal enthusiasm that makes originality; above all, the same gift of inspiring us with their own cheerful temper and harmless ambitions. Both Walton and White had the genius to be simple.

The 'Natural History of Selborne' is a striking illustration of Gray's remark "that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity." Not that Gilbert White was not the farthest possible from being a fool. Nor would Gray have thought him one, who himself philandered with his thermometer and kept a naturalist's calendar of his own. But the great merit of White's book is its want of intention to be a book at all, and the conscientiousness of its author as observer and reporter. Of his habitual punctuality we have an example in the volume before us. A facsimile of two successive entries in the parish register is given, one by White (then in his seventy-second year) recording on the tenth of June a burial of the same date, and one by his vicar, in which White's own burial is entered when it was already five days old. He was a good scholar after the elegant fashion of his day, which valued scholarship not for its pedantic niceties but for its civilizing associations and for being the most agreeable furniture of the mind. He was what in those days would have been called a very pretty poet, and wrote some descriptive verses as good as such things can be without a lift from the

imagination. He considered the accomplishment of verse one of those to be acquired by a gentleman among the rest, like the Grand Tour. To his nephew, Samuel Barker, he writes that "a little turn for English poetry is no doubt a pretty accomplishment for a young gent, and will not only enable him the better to read and relish our best poets, but will, like dancing to the body, have an happy influence even on his prose compositions." There is something comic in this, but, on the whole, one's smile subsides into a sigh in thinking that the notion of polite training should seem so absurdly old-fashioned after the lapse of a century. The brief *ars poetica* which he sketches for his nephew shows knowledge and good taste. What was poetical in himself is mainly of the passive kind, making him shyly sensitive to the charms and caprices of the visible universe, and giving his prose a virtue of rural suggestiveness more easily felt than defined. More truly than with Thomson, you assist with him at the procession of the seasons; you hear the first adventurous bird; you are one of the gossips sent for when the earth lies-in of her earliest snowdrop; you smell the hay-cock which you do not see; you grow pensive when the falling leaves simulate awkwardly the winged creatures that are flown; you are isolated by the snow whose depth of drift gives a momentary importance to the oldest inhabitant. Nor is White without a humorous twinkle of the eye, observant of due clerical limits, and all the more mirthful for that, as where he speaks of the hen-sparrow "scandalized" at the size of the cuckoo's egg she is brooding, or describes the mobbing of the disabled hawk by the nutrons of the poultry-yard. But the inadvertent humor of the book is perhaps its greatest charm. His interest in the placid competitions of the thermometer, beyond Ascot or Derby, his evident satisfaction in being able to say that two millers were struck dead by lightning as proving the severity of the storm, above all, his intense Selbornianism, are inexhaustibly entertaining.

The moral of this book is not the least of its qualities, and it is both high and profitable. It shows how much may be made out of the most secluded life if one only have the wit to be content with it, and how sincerity and enthusiasm may widen the narrowest sphere into relations of permanent interest with the world. Nor even as an unconscious satire does it fail to give us some pertinent intimations. How many warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and poets, who then shook the dust of their awful periwigs into the eyes of a world at gaze, have gone utterly to nothing, while White's inarticulate parishioners keep as fresh in the memories of men as the heroes of Plutarch! A great deal of what is palmed off upon us as history is purely fictitious, because the actors in it are themselves fictions and not solid men, while in White's little commonwealth every meanest member has the antique sincerity of nature. There is something ineffably consoling in the sight of a man so happy through Seven Years' Wars, dismemberments of empires, and French Revolutions, and happy, too, not through a selfish indifference but through wholesome sympathies with innocent and perdurable things.

The edition before us is certainly a handsome one, though not so easy to handle as our old favorite of 1802. The new letters, though few in number, are interesting and characteristic, and the illustrations pertinent and good. But we cannot say that Mr. Buckland altogether answers to our notion as an ideal editor. The prime quality, that of enthusiasm for his subject, he certainly has, but it is an enthusiasm without judgment which calls White the "father of English natural history." What is called the "Memoir of White" is provokingly full of everything but what we want to know, and one finds himself wishing that Mr. Buckland had learned something of the reserve of the fishes for whom he has done such good service. As one of the interesting facts of White's life, he informs us that Queen Anne died in 1714, six years before he was born. And he tells us gravely that the Vicar of Newton Valence "pointed out to me by means of an old army list of March 15, 1786, who the Honorable Daines Barrington was"! From the same gentleman he "learnt that the late Bishop Wilberforce had been a frequent visitor at Newton Valence," and then follows half a page about that clever prelate. Had White been as much concerned with the natural history of bishops as too many of his contemporaries were, he would long ago have gone back to dust with them. We confess that we should have been gladder to know what White's income was than that Mr. Buckland was born "in Christ Church College, Oxford, December 17, 1826," though no doubt to him this event was of some consequence. The notes, also, strike us as too discursive, and like the emptying of a naturalist's note-book. It is one of the great charms of White's book that it is not natural history in general, but that of Selborne in particular, and we resent being importuned with facts, however interesting in themselves, that drag us from the seclusion of that happy valley.

English Constitutional History. A Text-book for Students and others. By Thomas P. Taswell-Langmead, B.C.L., late Vinerian Scholar in the University of Oxford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. (London: Stevens & Haynes. 1875. 8vo, pp. 736.)—For the history of the English constitution we have three standard works, which, taken together, present a nearly complete and continuous discussion of the subject: the Constitutional Histories of Stubbs, Hallam, and May. But a treatise at once brief and complete, with a unity of plan covering the entire ground, and containing the results of the latest scholarship, was very much needed. This want Mr. Taswell-Langmead has undertaken to supply, and, we are glad to say, with complete success. He does not lay claim to any originality in material or treatment, professing to have done nothing but compile from the three treatises above-mentioned; and so frankly is this plan carried out that not only do we find constant references to them and citations from them in the foot-notes, but entire pages in the text are literally quoted from them with the use of inverted commas; nay, at times we have almost their exact language, varying only so much as not to pass precisely as a quotation (e.g., from Stubbs, p. 103, and from Hallam, p. 175). This is done, however, so openly and with such full acknowledgment that a charge of plagiarism would be out of the question. Nevertheless, in spite of the disclaimer of originality and the numerous quotations, not only from these writers, but from others—Bagehot, Green, Freeman, Macaulay, Forster, etc.—the book is far from following its authorities slavishly; its author has thoroughly digested their contents and made a book which is completely his own. He knows how to select materials and how to use them to advantage when selected. For example, the arrangement is entirely original, and is a very excellent one. He has especially had in mind the requirements of class instruction, and with a view to this use he has introduced the entire text of the three most important documents in English constitutional history—the Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and the Bill of Rights.

Mr. Taswell-Langmead's professional training as a lawyer is the source of one high qualification for this work. His legal definitions are conspicuous for clearness and exactness; for example, in giving the two elements of feudalism (p. 53), where, after describing the personal element of vassalage, he goes on: "(2) The holding of the usufruct (*dominium utile*) of land on the condition of rendering military service, the ultimate property (*dominium directum*) remaining in the lord, the grantor." Where the complete text of documents is not given, we have admirable analyses of their contents; the "Constitutions of Clarendon" (p. 90) afford a striking example of this excellence. The arrangement, which, as we have said, is the author's own, combines the advantages of the chronological and the topical order. It is in general chronological. The first four chapters and the last six are strictly so; between these are interposed six chapters, which are mainly topical, upon the "Administrative System," the "Succession to the Crown," and the "History of Parliament." For the middle period—the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which are treated principally in these topical chapters—the author is under the disadvantage that he wrote before the appearance of Prof. Stubbs's second volume, so that this part of his work is on the whole the least satisfactory. Towards the end, also, the growing dimensions of his book appear to have frightened him into a less full treatment than, relatively to the earlier periods, would have been desirable. The period of the Commonwealth is hardly touched upon; Strafford's career is inadequately treated—his policy of "Thorough" is not even mentioned; and, what is unaccountable, no account is given of the results of his impeachment. The student is left to suppose that, if executed at all (which is nowhere stated), it was after conviction upon impeachment, and not by bill of attainder. The "Incident" (p. 558) need not have been mentioned at all in a work like this, but, if mentioned, the term ought surely to be explained. We find some confusion in the use of the terms Great Council and *Curia Regis*, even in view of the definitions of the latter term given in the note to p. 151—as equivalent to 1, the *Commune Concilium*; 2, the *Ordinarium Concilium*; and 3, the *Court of King's Bench*. Undoubtedly in the twelfth century its special use is as "a perpetual committee of the national council" (Stubbs), for administrative and judicial purposes. This was, in a constitutional point of view, precisely the equivalent of the *Concilium Ordinarium*, or Privy Council; but historically the two bodies had no connection with each other, but were independent offshoots of the same body, the *Commune Concilium* (the representative of the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemot). As the Great Council became distinctly a feudal court, the *Curia Regis* was detached from it, and became the source of the common-law courts; later, the permanent (Ordinary) Council was likewise detached, and became the source of the Privy Council and the Court of Chancery, while the *Commune Concilium* itself was transformed from a feudal court to a Parliament or Assembly of Estates. This is one

of the points in which we miss the influence of the second volume of Stubbs (p. 255).

The subject of the peasantry and its relation to the constitution—one in regard to which Mr. Hallam was still quite in the dark—is discussed in a very satisfactory manner. Certain expressions of the law-writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, borrowed from the civil law or the law of France, have given occasion to an exaggerated notion of the servitude of these classes in England—a notion quite inconsistent with the ascertained facts as to the structure of English society, even as modified by feudalism. The view here presented is essentially correct. There are still, however, one or two points which lack precision and clearness. As a result of the Norman Conquest, it is stated (p. 268) that "ceorls who had land for the most part retained it, either as 'libere tenentes' or as 'soemanni,'" etc., much as if one should say "noblemen or earls." The *soemanni* were a class of *libere tenentes*, being those who held of the lord of the manor by agricultural instead of military services, while other *libere tenentes* held by knights' service. Again, the *villein socage, privileged villenage, or customary freehold* (as it is indifferently called) of p. 272 was merely that privileged form of prædial serfdom which existed in the royal manors, or, as they are technically called, the manors in "ancient demesne."

We hope that some American publisher will make arrangements with Mr. Taswell-Langmead to bring out a cheaper edition of this excellent book, with such alterations as may be suggested to him by publications subsequent to his first edition. We know nothing so well adapted to the use of college classes.

A Grammar of the New Testament Greek. By Alexander Buttman. Authorized Translation, with numerous additions and corrections by the author. (Andover: Warren F. Draper.)—The translator, who modestly withholds his name from the title-page, is J. H. Thayer, Professor of Greek in Andover Theological Seminary, already known as a translator from the German by his version of Winer's "Grammar of the New Testament Dictionary," to which the present work may be regarded as a supplement. The publication of Winer's "Grammar" was an era in the history of exegesis and exegetical theology. Before this work appeared, theologians had known no restraint from eliciting from the Bible whatever teachings they chose, making their own doctrines the premises from which to deduce the interpretations of texts, instead of making the obvious sense of texts the premises from which to infer doctrines. A century ago, theologians used to pretend that the Greek prepositions and tenses were in the Scriptures used indiscriminately, and that we had a right to assume that one form was used for another whenever such assumption would adapt itself better to the opinion which we wished to corroborate. This loose usage Winer was the first to attack and check. In his "Grammar" he proved by abundant instances that the writers of the New Testament, though not as accurate as the classical authors, did yet use language with ordinary propriety, and were incapable of the solecisms which theologians had attributed to them. Winer did a work which did not need to be done again; but, by very reason of the magnitude of his achievement, some of its details had to be ignored, and this is why we speak of Buttman's work as supplementing his. For instance, Buttman could afford to make more allowances than his predecessor to the usage which he was opposing, and conceded incipient departures from classic usage and traces of Latinisms, the mention of which by Winer would have disproportionately weakened his argument. Buttman also adopts the habit of modern criticism in giving greater prominence than Winer to the influence of the Septuagint. We would not be understood as implying that Buttman is more accurate than Winer, because, on the contrary, he shows a decided feebleness of discernment in distinguishing things that differ. As between the two books we should prefer to own Winer, yet the present work is useful from referring to several-fold more texts than Winer, and from the exhaustive indexes, four in number, which are appended to it. Prof. Thayer has added a glossary of technical terms, excellent as far as it goes. We should have inserted many other words, such as *italicism, cacophony*, which occur in the text. It is made more valuable as a companion to Winer from the fact that whenever Buttman refers to Winer the page of the latter is inserted doubly, once from the original German and again from Prof. Thayer's translation, which translation, by the way, has the advantage over all preceding translations in using the last (seventh) edition. All other translators of Winer have followed earlier editions—a matter of unusual importance in this department, owing to the fruitful labors of Tischendorf. Alexander Buttman, let us add, should not be confounded with his father Philip Buttman, author of the well-known classical grammar.

